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His Last Voyage



HERBERT LAWRENCE BRIDGMAN

1844 : 1924

THE STANDARD UNION
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

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Standard union, Brooklyn



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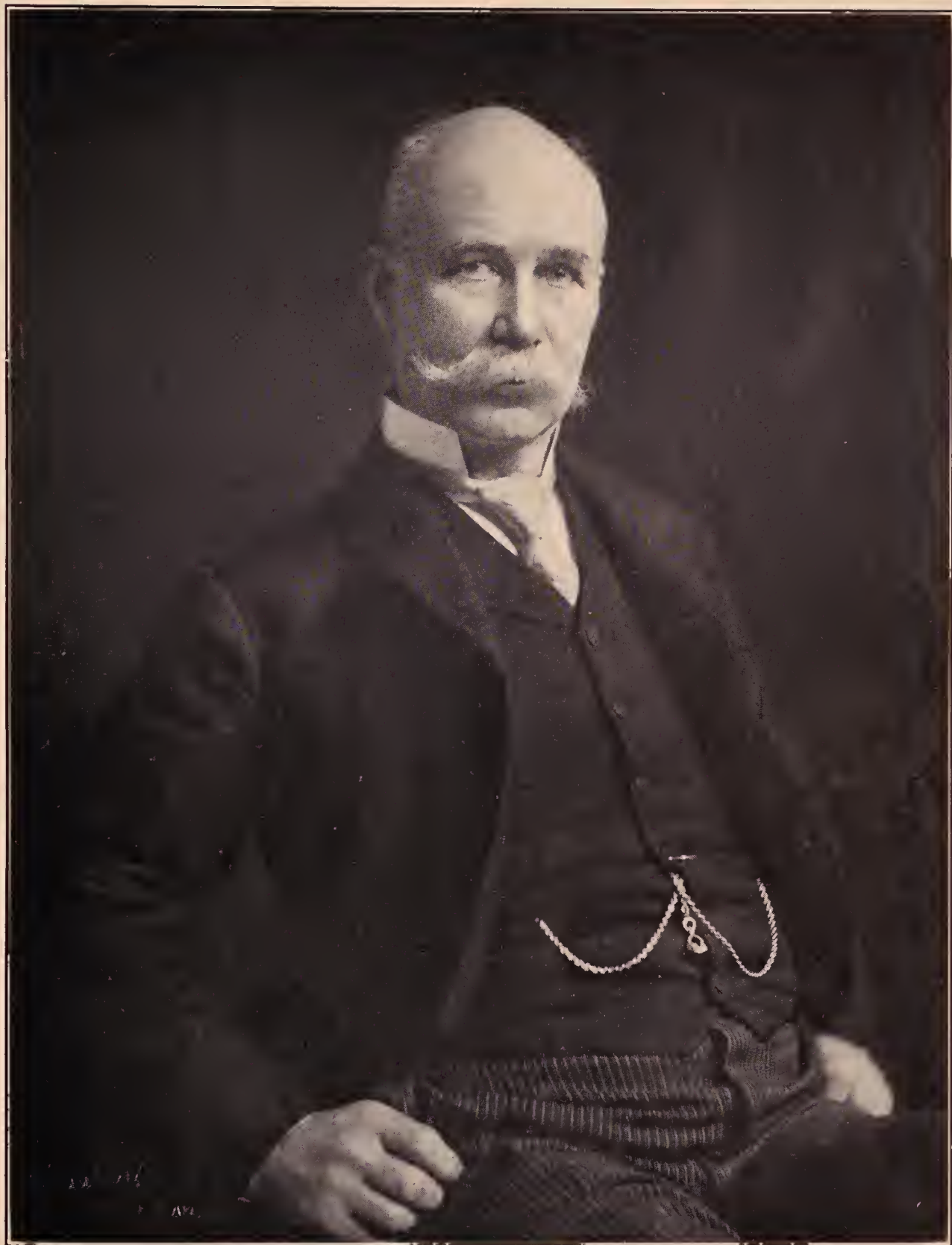


Photo by Gessford

HERBERT LAWRENCE BRIDGMAN

HIS LAST VOYAGE

Herbert Lawrence Bridgman, business manager of The Brooklyn Standard Union for thirty-five years, Regent of the University of the State of New York since 1917, and president of the executive council of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity for forty-one years, died suddenly at sea on September 24, 1924.

Dr. Bridgman had sailed on a summer-long cruise aboard the New York State Schoolship Newport. A famous explorer and traveler, he had eagerly accepted the opportunity to represent the State Regents aboard the ship which was their especial charge. From England, from the battlefields of Belgium, from Spain, from Madeira and Teneriffe, came to his newspaper characteristically spirited accounts of his adventuring with the schoolboys of the nautical academy.

It was his last voyage, and these letters were his last writings.

This volume has been compiled as a tribute to his memory, as also a recognition of messages of sympathy. It contains:

The twelve letters to his home newspaper written aboard the Newport;

A tribute to Dr. Bridgman by Capt. Felix Riesenbergh, commander of the Newport, with whom he spent his last days;

An account of his passing and an outline of his career, by an editorial associate;

Editorial tributes from the newspapers, and from the Bulletin of the State University;

An account of a notable memorial meeting conducted by the Psi Upsilon Fraternity on its Founders' Day;

A tribute by the Rev. Howard Dean French, of the Church of the Pilgrims, and

A "Farewell," by his widow, Helen Bartlett Bridgman.

(The following letters were written by Dr. Bridgman on the cruise of the Newport for publication in The Standard Union. The first ten appeared in August and September; the last two, found among his papers, in October.)

WITH THE NEWPORT CADETS ON THEIR ANNUAL NORTH ATLANTIC CRUISE

Story of Voyage Out of the Sound Into the Ocean—An Impressive Tribute of Sympathy to President and Mrs. Coolidge—One Day's Work on the Schoolship—A Saturday Inspection, Which Is the Real Thing.

I.

(Special Correspondence of The Standard Union.)

N. Y. State Nautical Schoolship "Newport"

At Sea, July 14, 1924

Lat. 40° 24' N; Long. 44° 33' W..

That was our position at noon to-day, and if you are enough of a navigator to figure it out, you will understand that it is only about ten miles or so north-east of the point where the only public school now in session in the State of New York "let out" about an hour before, and that is only an approximation of the fact, subject, like all which enter into marine calculations, to correction for errors of variation, deviation and other disturbing factors. For this school, though of New York, is not in it; is about 1,300 miles out of its jurisdiction on the high seas, yet carrying on its work as efficiently and diligently as any of the hundred thousand or more on land, and all now enjoying more or less well-earned vacation.

Maybe you'd like to exercise the usually neglected privilege of the citizen and taxpayer and visit this floating school and see its practical operation. The boys have been up since 5:30 reveille, decks washed, clothes scrubbed; an Italian Mediterranean liner, eastward bound, crossed our stern, ten miles away, two hours ago; the sky is cloudless, temperature balmy and bracing, of the North Atlantic; a smart northwester whips the white caps on the deep blue sea, which the sun flashes into long lines and lanes of silver, and the Newport, under sail and steam, swings steadily along, headed straight for old London town, at about eight knots.

PERFECT ENVIRONMENT FOR STUDY.

A more fitting, inspiring setting and environment for the study of the science of the mastery of the sea, for understanding the mysteries and learning the practice of navigation, could not be imagined, and, more particularly, a young man who could not yield to it would be insensible to a lake, the boat, the pretty girl and moonlight, a combination rarely irresistible. Just as a matter of history and astronomy combined, also we have the moonlight full, tomorrow night, but as to the others, "circumstances over which," etc.

Well forward in the starboard waist at ten o'clock, "six bells," we'd say here, a class is seated, facing the bow, and in front, blackboard swinging at his left, is Lieut. Bicknell, instructor, a graduate and war veteran, making his first cruise on the Newport. The boys are a husky lot, and as they sit, the sun pouring

down on their terra cotta arms and shoulders, for they all affect sleeveless undershirts, you begin to wonder how much odds you will be able to get when we get into the boat races with the middies, other schoolships, or anybody else on the other side. Each has his Bowditch, the navigator's bible, a large blank note book, possibly a rule or two and pencil, and Mr. Bicknell expounds and illustrates the mathematics of navigation, combining theory with practice in a clear and effective manner. When he has made the boys understand the best hours for talking latitude observations, and the best for longitude, he explains the reasons and puts into his talk both the mathematical principles on which the earth is operated, and the practical rules and reasons for them on which ships are sailed, that safety, economy and certainty may be secured. Blackboard illustrations are constantly before the eyes of the boys, and frequent questions fired without order or notice, each boy rising as his name is called, and the answers keep the whole class on its toes and keenly watching that nothing is missed.

LESSONS IN PRACTICAL SEAMANSHIP.

While this is going on, on the other side of the ship, a little further aft, tucked under the shade of the weather rail, and seated flat on the deck, Instructor Wetmore, also a Newport product, is giving the other class instruction in seamanship, practical handling of a ship, use of compass and log, allowance for deviation and variations, direction and force of winds and currents and all the seen and unseen important factors with which the master must reckon if he wishes to make a port. Each boy, like those of the other class, has his Bowditch, and unlike those, has on his full suit of "whites," so that, in spite of the fact that all are barefooted, the general appearance is more academic, if not more nautical.

Here, as in the starboard class, the Socratic method prevails. The instructor draws ten or a dozen verticals on the blackboard in front of the class, allotting each column to some factor, course, wind, direction, leeway, etc., which affects the ship's progress and position and, working across the board from left to right, calling indiscriminately on the boys by name, for answer to each question, to develop as its final result the correct answer and true position of the ship. When the solution is completed, a number of problems are set for the boys to work during the

afternoon and turn in during the evening for examination and rating by the instructor with the injunction that each boy should do his own work and the whole of it, that an error of his own is a much less offence than copying the correct work of another.

TWO VIEWS OF THE SITUATION.

Picture these fifty boys in the purest air, the brightest and lightest sea, the cloudless and brilliant sun, and who wouldn't be a New York sailor boy, at least when the weather is like this? Had you seen them lying out on the yards to furl topsails last night as a squall was threatening and the careful captain, coming along to the stern watchman, instructed him in throwing overboard the light burning life buoy, and informed him that if anything happened to the boys aloft he would be held responsible for neglect of duty, you might change your mind.

But do not suppose that navigation and seamanship classes are the only business of the morning. The Newport steadily steams on her way; the "black watch," relieved from fire and engine room duty, are strewn prone, face up or down, as the owner prefers, on the forecastle deck, while their mates do their watch below; two hours on and four off is the regular turn. Our High street twenty-year Navy Yard veteran, who wears his service stripes proudly at inspection, is fashioning sail cloth covers under the bridge; Bos'n Holmes is running the deck and "conning" the ship; one of his mates is "serving" a ladder with canvas covering and twine lacing; the more or less harmonious notes of the saxophone, trombone and banjo, coming up through the open hatches, indicate that the jazz band of the watch below is getting ready for business; quartermasters amidships are steering the Newport by hand, as always when sailing, and young Billy Riesenbergs, astride the spanker boom, is monarch of all he surveys, but only for a few minutes, as he changes his mind and runs like a cat up the shrouds.

ELECTIONS UNKNOWN IN THIS SCHOOL.

"Haec fabula docet," as we used to say in the Latin First Reader, by which we are tempted to inquire: Isn't there something in this morning's observations for the landlubber among the teachers and taxpayers of New York to think about? These boys are going to be sailors and officers of sailors, and they study and are taught only that which will lead on to position and promotion in their chosen profession. "Electives" are unknown; fads and frills conspicuous by their absence, and the whole drive is intensive, direct and practical. Isn't the moral almost as plain as that full moon, which illuminates the sea over our starboard quarter?

"Mast," that ancient and honorable institution of the sea, for the clearing of the calendar of minor infractions of regulations, and generally enforcing discipline, and toning and tuning up the corps, was held on our second Sunday out of port. The busy

days before leaving and the attractions and diversions of port yielded an unusually large dragnet, so that when the bos'n's mate mustered all who had been named on conduct reports, more than thirty cadets, some in "whites," others in dungarees, lined up on the starboard quarter, with the great spanker idly and noisily over their heads in the dying wind.

PROCEDURE AT "MAST" TRIAL.

When all was ready Capt. Riesenbergs came on deck and taking from the executive officer the handful of reports, called each cadet by name, but in no prescribed order. Each cadet so called stepped, front and centre, saluted, and from the report reading the captain addressed him by name, stated tersely the charge and asked tersely, "What have you to say?" In most cases an answer of some sort or other was made, explanation or apology. A few pleaded guilty, others denied the charge, and then witnesses were sent for and examined with neatness and dispatch. Rarely were more than two or three questions asked, and if any of the civil courts ever really cared to save time, and dispense justice swiftly and effectively they should attend a Newport "mast." Most of the cases were of minor importance: tardiness, absence without leave, shirking work and other offenses known ashore as well as afloat. When the charge was lying, insubordination or moral turpitude Capt. Riesenbergs not only shot in rapid fire questions which soon had the culprit rattled and submissive, but drove them home with remarks calculated to impress on the cadets high standards of honor and fidelity, rivalry and ambition to excel in the school and its duties, that they might gain positions and more speedy advancement when they should enter the merchant service.

It was interesting to note the boys' faces as each learned his fate, as well as those of their comrades on the line and, though punishment was swift, but not severe, they were promptly made to understand that the performance was no joking matter. Penalties were oftenest demerits, from five to ten, each an hour of extra duty, which may be worked off, and the Captain urged the delinquents to clear themselves before arrival in London. Reduction of shore liberty, the heaviest penalty, and one most dreaded by the cadets, a day or two being the lowest imposed, was recorded in one or two cases.

UNIQUE SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS.

After something over one hour each delinquent had been disposed of, no exceptions allowed, no appeals taken and the formation was dismissed to join their more fortunate comrades forward and this unique Sunday school class was over.

The log of the Newport, which may be calculated by anybody who doubts these remarks, may in due time be consulted in the office of the Board of Governors of the School and possibly in those of the University of the State in the Education Building at Albany. Meanwhile, "as evidence of good faith, not necessarily for publication," the following may

serve, the distances being for each twenty-four hours preceding the noon position.

July	N. Lat.	W. Long	Distance
6.....	39.59	69.31	138 miles
7.....	39.37	65.41	181 "
8.....	39.19	63.04	128 "
9.....	39.10	60.29	120 "
10.....	39.21	57.29	139 "
11.....	38.54	53.29	136 "
12.....	38.28	39.34	134 "

13.....	38.57	47.16	120 "
14.....	40.24	44.00	174 "
15.....	41.52	40.54	165 "
16.....	43.01	37.20	172 "
18.....	45.46	29.06	234 "
19.....	46.55	23.41	233 "
20.....	47.37	18.53	199 "
21.....	48.03	14.55	161 "
22.....	48.52	10.11	196 "
23.....	49.43	5.07	205 "
24.....	50.36	0.24 E.	220 "

H. L. B.

WITH THE NEWPORT CADETS; A PUBLIC SCHOOL AT SEA

Summer Cruise Not Altogether a Picnic, But Boys Who Are Being Taught Seamanship and Navigation at Expense of New York State Enjoy Life—Drills and Inspection—Capt. Rosenberg's Trained Eye Everywhere at All Times.

II.

(Special Correspondence of The Standard Union.)

LONDON, England, July 25.—The New York State nautical schoolship, Newport, Capt. Felix Rosenberg, superintendent, which left Glen Cove July 2, sighted the Lizard at 10:30 Tuesday morning, July 22, and dropped anchor in the Thames at Gravesend, twenty-two miles below London, Thursday, July 24. The Newport, after four strenuous months of overhaul, amounting practically to complete reconstruction, made a leisurely getaway on what, had it not been for the World War, would have been its sixteenth transatlantic cruise.

About noon of that memorable Tuesday, paraphrasing James—G. P. R., not William or Henry—a solitary chauffeur might have been seen picking his way with rather less than more success through leafy and tortuous Glen Cove until, sighting the picturesque bay and the white, graceful Newport at its anchorage, he drove rapidly down the hill and, with obvious relief on his countenance, turned over his passenger to the ship's boat and its crew of six handsome, lively lads in "whites." Lunch over, the anchor was hove up, the course laid for New Rochelle, nine miles over the Sound, and liberation of a petty officer from a legal embarrassment, then up the Sound, with the famous 'round-the-world Aloha trailing, but only for a short distance, when she disappeared into the distance heading for Newport.

HOLIDAY AT GARDINER'S BAY.

Fourth of July; to Greenport, and a run to anchorage in Gardiner's Bay. All our Fourth was given over to boat, oar and sail drill, and racing in that incomparable, landlocked sheet of water, the day ending with a boat party ashore, and a survey in the twilight of the stately, historic old Gardiner Mansion, with its quaint, silent windmill, now awaiting October and the hunts and dinners of its lessee, Clarence Mackay. Deer and pheasants are abundant on the island, and this haunt of legend and tradition, the last of the old Colonial grants, evokes keen curiosity and contemporaneous human interest, when on its soil for the first time one listens to the mingled tales of Capt. Kidd's buried treasure and last winter's bootleggers. Saturday morning, at six, the Newport was under way; the morning papers picked up at Greenport; fifteen tons of fresh water taken on, a discharged petty officer put off at New

London, and at sunset we took our departure through the "Race" into a stiff racing sea, just ahead of a thick blanket of fog and with a steady shrill of the siren, for Land's End, more than three thousand miles away.

That was an impressive and memorable scene, one evening, on the Newport's snow white deck. Mustered in the twilight for assembly and roll call, the official end of a busy day, port and starboard watches stood at attention, the lines of white, barefooted lads facing each other, as Capt. Rosenberg stepped to the front and centre and announced to the company the death in the White House of the son of President Coolidge, from whom just before her departure the school had received a message of good will and God-speed, and stated that in the name of the Newport he had sent by radio to the White House a message of condolence and sympathy. The cadets, listening in respectful silence, were dismissed and broke ranks—it was all over in a minute. But it was one of those memorable minutes which last a lifetime and are never repeated.

PERFECT ENVIRONMENT.

More fitting and sympathetic environment could hardly be imagined. The new moon, swinging low in the west, silvered the wake of the ship; the afterglow of a blood red sun swung almost around the entire horizon; not a ripple broke the surface of the sea, sails and rigging, often noisy and unruly, now silent; the great stars, Vega almost exactly overhead, Altair over the port, Antares over the starboard bow, and Arcturus on the quarter, with Polaris and the Great Dipper away aloft in the North, Jupiter abeam, high in the South. Here was a poem by the Almighty on the brevity of human life and the limitations of his powers more effective than any ever written by man.

And yet place and the circumstances carried their own answer and reaffirmed the authority of man and his challenge to nature. Here we were in mid-Atlantic, a thousand miles from the stricken White House, on the high seas of all nations, and by modern science and its practical application, which has become everyday and commonplace, in touch as close and sympathy as actual and immediate as neighbors in Washington. If any cadet or any other citizen lacks faith in his country's domain or doubts that its

destiny includes all the seas of all the world, the evening's incident was a convincing object lesson, and as the boys scattered for their stations for the night and watches on deck and below their lookouts and tricks at the wheel, one could not but feel that they had learned something which neither books nor "bos'n" could tell them.

LIFE NOT ALL A PICNIC.

If anybody thinks that life on a schoolship's summer cruise is a picnic or flowery bed of ease he has another think coming, or possibly, if doubt lingers, would better try it. The State of New York is paying out taxpayers' good money to make good sailors, and if more work is involved in earning than in spending the money it would be a hard job to prove it. Look, for example, at the routine of the day as posted on the ship's bulletin:

A. M.

- 3:30—Call mess attendants to make coffee.
- 3:50—Call the watch; trim up hammock cloths.
- 4:00—Relieve the watch.
- 4:10—Mess attendants serve coffee and hard tack.
- 4:30—Turn to, lay up gear, sweep down, haul out hose, wet down deck, scrub and wash clothes.
- 5:00—Engineer cadets not on watch scrub clothes.
- 5:30—Knock off scrubbing, step clothes on line and trice up (no clothes allowed around decks).
- 5:30—Wash down, hoist ashes from fire room.
- 6:15—Wash deck gear to dry.
- 6:45—Up all hammocks, trice up hammock clothes, knock off all work, take stripped bath, crew and officers, men and boys included.
- 7:00—Call medical officer.
- 7:15—Mess gear watch below.
- 7:25—Wash inspection, both watches.
- 7:30—Pipe watch below to breakfast.
- 7:45—Mess cooks watch on deck lay below.
- 7:50—Shift into uniform of day.
- 7:55—First call for colors.
- 8:00—Colors, relieve watch and march to breakfast.
- 8:30—Turn to, sick call, light work.
- 9:00—Knock off light work, sweep deck, stow away wash deck gear and clear deck for inspection.
- 9:20—Shift into uniform for day.
- 9:30—Muster and inspection.
- 9:45—Conduct reports and mast.
- 10:00—Drill and instruction.
- 11:30—First class on deck with sextants.
- 11:40—Mess gear, watch below.
- 12:00—Report 12 o'clock and latitude, watch below to dinner.
- 12:20—Mess gear for watch on deck.
- 12:30—Release watch, pipe to dinner.

P. M.

- 1:00—Turn to, sweep down.
- 1:30—Inspect mess gear.
- 1:30 to 3:30—Exercises or instruction.
- 3:30—Sweep down.
- 4:00—Relieve watch.
- 5:24—Mess gear watch below.
- 5:30—Supper watch below.
- 5:50—Mess gear watch on deck.
- 6:00—Relieve watch, pipe to supper.
- 6:30—Turn to, sweep down decks and smoking lamp study.
- 7:30—Knock off study.
- 7:45—Hammocks for watch below, swing but do not unlash.
- 8:00—Report 8 o'clock, hammocks for watch going below.
- 11:50—Call the watch, lash but do not carry.
- 12:00—Relieve the watch.

Add to their special weekly drills fire, collision, man overboard, locker inspection and other necessary routine duties and it is obvious that the eight hour day hasn't yet made much impression on the nautical school, and a fair inference that the cadet's lot, like the policeman's, may not be altogether a happy one, and yet the boys don't seem to mind it.

INSPECTION IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY.

Saturday weekly inspection is a time-honored ceremony in the United States navy, all over the world,

and the Newport, still on the establishment, faithfully observes the customs of the service. Even to the landsman, a mere looker-on in this floating Vienna, signs that something is going to happen are early recognizable. Officers in spick and span new uniforms, buttons and braid bright, trousers razor-creased, the State insignia flashing, saunter on the quarter deck, the barefooted lads in spotless whites gather in groups in the waist, the familiar checked shirts of the bos'n and his mate are covered by blue brass-buttoned reefers, deck work is knocked off and a general air of watchful waiting prevails as the ship rolls steadily along on her course. At 10:45 the bugler comes to the mast, blows the warning call for inspection and muster, and soon the formations are rapidly going on. Commissioned officers on the quarter deck, abaft the mizzen mast; the warrant officers facing and just forward of them; petty officers, some wearing stripes of honorable war service, and crew in blue uniforms, or clean working clothes, on the port side, and the cadets, white-capped and barefooted, in two platoons, engineers on the port deck, department on the starboard. Formations are not as in the army, according to stature, but by squads, each "top" captain having his particular group assembled next him.

JUNIOR RIESENBERGS ON DECK.

Exactly at 11 the bugle sounds again, all stand at attention and Capt. Riesenberg, in service uniform, steps on deck, returns his salute and with his staff, passes rapidly down the lines. Half way down the front rank, and several files apart were the junior Riesenbergs, 12 and 10, respectively, very much "chips of the old block," veterans of the Newport's 1923 cruise, and standing up for official and parental inspection, just as if they belonged and were on the regular establishment, as they doubtless will be, unless all signs fail, if they work their way into the navy and head for admiral's rank and stars at an earlier day.

Veterans of the port side are first inspected with an occasional friendly exchange between some old regular navy ex-service man, or Hennessy, the colored cook, who has been here so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; then crossing to the starboard, the cadets open ranks, and are carefully and individually inspected, not with the critical eye of a martinet, but with the kindly attention of a shipmate and friend. Little defects of detail are noted and checked up; a pleasant personal word of recognition exchanged, and the ceremony passes off as a real inspection, in which good conduct, cleanliness, and neatness are all observed and commended, and their opposites corrected, with justice and real discipline. When the captain has gone around and between the lines, ranks are closed, and after he leaves the deck, the formation is dismissed.

LOOK OVER SHIP AND EQUIPMENT.

Following inspection of the personnel comes that of the ship and its equipment. Going to the berth deck, with the officers as before, the Captain personally examines mess gear, dining tables and other

equipment. Nothing escapes his eye and the way in which he takes a fork from the pile which lies before him and squints between the tines through the porthole, and at the sea beyond, is a warning that no slovenliness or shiftlessness will get by. Then the galley, its shining copper and aluminum kettles, filled with savory spare ribs, cooking for dinner; the petty officers' small, clean and orderly rooms next the "focsle" for the paid crew, in which mattresses and blankets have taken the place of the noisome and unsanitary bunks of the olden time; though the richest State in the Union still denies its sailors pillows; the domain of "Chips" the carpenter, who, if he can't find anything of wood which the ship wants, can make it; into the sail loft and hold below, where spare and second hand sail are stowed, so that anything wanted may be found

in a minute; down into the boiler and engine rooms, the electrical and refrigerating plants, then aft to the "sick bay" where an unlucky lad, the sole occupant, was nursing a badly contused leg. Not an inch of space or detail of construction or equipment was omitted or overlooked. Occasionally an officer would call attention to some feature or incident, but ordinarily Capt. Riesenberg's trained eye was everywhere at all times and when inspection was over there was nothing about the ship and her company, for all of which he is personally responsible, which he did not personally know. Altogether inspection of personnel and equipment occupied about an hour and a half, and it is safe to say that in no naval vessel of the regular establishment is the duty more thoroughly and faithfully performed.

H. L. B.

WITH THE NEWPORT CADETS IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

New York Schoolship, on Voyage to London, Passes Through Historic Waters—Seafaring as a Life Job and What It Offers the American Boy—Capt. Kinney's Reminiscences of Submarine Adventure—A Flight That Failed.

III.

(Special Correspondence of The Standard Union.)

GRAVESEND, England, July 29, 1924.—Somewhere in the Atlantic and some time between midnight and daylight of July 13, for exact details and place and time consult the official log on file at the Navy Department, the Newport "turned the corner," as the sailormen say, and, leaving her direct easterly course from New London, a week before, turned up sharply, as you would out of Fulton street into Flatbush avenue, into the east-northeast and laid a great circle track, straight forward the English Channel and the Thames and London beyond. Soon conditions changed, the winds shifted around to the northward and we went rolling and spinning along under sail, and engine dead and silent.

The next Sunday a stiff norther kept the sea running higher, and though the little old gunboat rode the waves like a duck, shipping not a drop of water, she rolled like one, also, and kept nearly everybody below. A night or two later, a sudden squall with a little rain struck the ship and those who came on deck early in the morning saw the topgallant yard, a spar thirty-one feet long and in its larger part eleven inches in diameter, snapped squarely in two like a pipestem and hanging with its hamper useless and helpless. No other damage was done, however, and we will not need topgallants much more until we strike the trades, homeward bound, by which time the new spar will be set up and rigged.

WELCOME APPROACH TO LAND.

After the blow, temperature moderated, and though we increased latitude and cut down longitude daily, meaning that we were driving up into the northeast, already five hundred miles or so north of Brooklyn, temperature moderated and the decks were more of a July atmosphere.

All day Tuesday, July 22, it was evident that we were approaching land, two trawlers in sight at the same time off to the southeast, outward bound; our faithful friends and followers—the gulls, the porpoises, singly and in schools, welcome to every sailor, all told the same and encouraging truth, for "believe me," twenty-one days at sea on a thousand-ton ship, no matter how nearly perfect everything and everybody, is more or less a trial of patience and other qualities of which Job had quite a monopoly.

Things began to happen in earnest on Wednesday

morning, and the veriest landlubber would have known there was something in the air. The Stars and Stripes were snapping at the peak; the blue State flag stood straight out at the main, covers and lashings were off the boats, oars and running gear littered the deck; the copper light-burning life buoys, green with salt incrustation and exposure, were hoisted in and brightly polished, and an air of bustle and expectancy more than verified the accuracy of the seventy-five fathom sounding the evening before. Craft, sail and steam, were almost too numerous to mention"; at 10:30 the White Star two-funneled Pittsburgh, which had been following on our port quarter since early morning, drew abeam a mile or more away.

International code signals and courtesies were exchanged, and making fourteen or fifteen knots she forged ahead on her course. We made out in the blue haze, the faint, but certain outlines of Land's End and knew that we had crossed the Atlantic. At eleven thirty the Lizard and its white lighthouse were abeam and we plowed along at full speed, through Plymouth sound, and with memories of Drake, Hawkins, Rodney and the Spanish Armada and the great deeds in these waters, though centuries ago and but for which it's more than a fair guess we wouldn't be here to-day, nor for that matter, would you and "lil' old New York" to say nothing of Brooklyn.

DISCUSS SCHOOL'S ADVANTAGES.

As we were coming up the channel the other evening, wardroom discussions, between listening in to military bands and orations broadcast from London, turned on this State nautical school and what there is in it now and in the future for its students and graduates. Boys come on board here as young as 17 and as old as 20 and for two years are lodged, fed and taught at the expense of the State of New York and at a cost estimated roughly at \$1,000 or \$1,200 a year per head. For pupils of no other school does the State do so much, for in all others they "find" themselves, that is to say, live and lodge at home without expense to the taxpayers.

Clothing in ship's duty and on shore is paid by the cadet from a deposit of \$130 which he makes on entrance. Any lad of good health and character with ordinary education, such as any high school graduate ought to have, is eligible for the school

and he obtains his appointment as a matter of right, not because of political "pull," direct or indirect kinship or any other form of favoritism. Examinations, of which the next will be in November, are in the fundamentals of mathematics, American history and geography, no trick or catch questions, and intended to disclose more of the applicant's general intelligence, mentality and common sense than the accretions of a bookworm. Papers of former examinations may be obtained from the Department of Education at Albany and they will reward study not only by those aspiring to the examinations, but by civil service commissioners who are endeavoring to formulate and apply tests which will discover good material for any department of public service.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE.

Two years, each of eight months, port and shore study, three of practice and observation cruise, and one of leave, make up the course and after that what? Well, for graduates in the engineer's department provided, as is practically always the case, the government license is obtained on the Newport's certification of graduation, positions as third or fourth assistant engineer on oceangoing steamships at \$160 to \$165 per month, which, considering that the ship provides quarters, subsistence and practically all living expenses in port as well as at sea, is by no means inadequate compensation for a beginner who may be only just turned nineteen. Duty performed, promotion, either in the line or the merchant marine, follows as a matter of course until, at thirty or thereabout, the young man ought to be "chief" or captain, with a savings bank balance and a comfortable home of his own in sight ashore, leaving the steady grind of routine duty to those who have followed him.

For deck graduates the path of advancement is very similar. Command is by no means rare and the roster of the old "St. Marys" and the "Newport" graduates, lengthened somewhat, of course, by the demands and experiences of the World War, is long and honorable, containing hundred of names synonyms for honor and distinction. Wages on deck, to begin with, are not quite as high as in the engine room, but they say that Hartley, an "Annapolis" Pennsylvania scholarship graduate now on cruise, receives \$7,500 a year and allowances and skippers of some of the crack ocean liners manage by commissions and other advantages to gather in almost twice that every year. What ambitious boy in Brooklyn or up-State, who would care to see the world and something of what is going on in it, wouldn't think twice before he turned down the Newport and its promise, to become a mere stay-at-home gasping for breath in the overcrowded professions?

CAPT. KINNEY'S SUBMARINE TALE.

Yarn spinning, ever since the time of Lord High Admiral Noah, has occupied a good deal of the time at sea, and here is one told in the Azores, Ponta Delgada, by Capt. Kinney, master of the "William F. Frye," first American vessel to be submarined

in the World War, never before told or printed, which may perhaps as well be repeated here:

"We were coming up from the River Plate," said the Captain, "in the big three-master, skysail yarder 'Frye,' just after America and Germany had broken with each other, but before our declaration of war, when, one afternoon, a submarine ranged alongside and hailed the commander to stop. As we were where we had a right to be, doing what we ought to, and minding our own business, I paid no attention until suddenly I heard a gun and the next minute a solid shot whistled over my bow. 'Heave to' promptly followed and, being unarmed, I concluded that discretion was the better part of valor and obeyed. In a few minutes a most gentlemanly officer came on board and informed me that our nations were at war and that the unpleasant duty devolved on him of destroying my ship and cargo, evidently destined for the aid of the Allies. 'But give yourself no concern,' said he; 'for your personal safety or that of your family, whom I see you have aboard.'

"True to his word the 'Frye's' company, passengers and crew were all comfortably installed and after desirable stores and equipment had been removed, the gallant ship was safely transferred to the submarine, which resumed its cruise, sinking other ships and salvaging their companies as she went along until her own quarters became congested. Two junior officers and a prize crew were dispatched with a large capture, to which all the prisoners of war, who had been as handsomely entertained as circumstances permitted, were transferred.

"One day the submarine commander called me to his quarters and said: 'We are approaching Norfolk, Va., off which a British and a French cruiser are lying and watching for us. You know the harbor and channel and I want you to take us in. When we sight the lights of Capes Charles and Henry, the ship is yours, but if you make any mistake, put her aground or out of her true course, you know the consequences.' When the lights were sighted the German was as good as his word and with an armed guard at each side and a third party at my back, I brought the submarine up through Hampton Roads and into Norfolk Harbor where the U. S. interned it until the end of the war."

INSPECTION REVIEW AT GRAVESEND.

While King George and the flower of royalty and nobility were reviewing six miles of the British Navy, headed by the colossal flagship Queen Elizabeth and running down to all sorts of mine layers, mine sweepers, torpedo boats, destroyers and submarines, Saturday morning, we had a little inspection review of our own at Gravesend which didn't get into the papers, yet immensely delighted our Republican American souls.

Along about 10 o'clock, as the usual morning ship's routine was going on, "the Nantucket coming out," was the word passed from the bow lookout, and, sure enough a mile upstream, among the hulks and

crowded Saturday excursion, swift steamers for Ramsgate and Margate, could be made out the white hull and tapering spars of the Massachusetts school ship, formerly the U. S. S. Ranger, Capt. Rusk commanding, and in size, model and rig about a duplicate of the Newport. For days she had been moored near London Bridge, and it is whispered, held at low tide by the stern in the mud, but released she came up this morning, homeward bound, like a thing alive and with speed increased by a strong ebb tide.

Over on the port quarter, still in gray war paint, lay the Pennsylvania schoolship Annapolis and, so for a few minutes, here in foreign waters were the three American schoolships almost withing hailing distance of each other. On the Nantucket the starboards rails were manned with cadets in blues; on the Newport with ones in white, and on the quarter deck officers in uniform gathered and each ship, as they came aboard, paid all the honors. Ensigns were dipped, signals exchanged and though not another thing afloat appeared to take the slightest notice of what was going on, every American heart beat a little faster at the sight of the three flags from as many schoolship mastheads and saw in them promise of better days for the "Casuals of the Sea," which may mean ultimate restoration to prestige and power rightfully theirs.

One immediate moral of the incident, which was purely fortuitous, a mere chance happening, is that a decided accession to the value and lasting results of the summer cruises of the schoolships would be gained by co-ordination and adjustment of itineraries so that in at least one or more ports, all three ships might meet, pull off water and land sporting events between their crews and give a little military exhibition or two on shore. Rivalry and mutual respect could be developed and wholesome valuations among the motives developed for the American sailor and, if a modest admission was charged, the sporting and athletic funds of the ships would sensibly increase.

And then, when it comes to fighting ships, our crack "Raleigh," named for the home of a former Secretary of the Navy, not Sir Walter, the first known "top kick," is coming here next week and we'll show them all the modern improvements in war as well as in peace.

DESERTING CADET CHANGES MIND.

Here is a letter to which, perhaps, nothing need be added save that the penmanship is exceptionally neat, correct and legible, far better than that of the average high school graduate of the present day, and if handwriting is, as they say, index of character, this cadet ought to be given another chance and will make good if he gets it:

"U. S. S. Newport

"Gravesend, July 26, 1924.

"To the Executive Officer:

"The following is an account of my actions on the morning of July 26th. I had managed by various infringements of the rules of the schoolship to obtain forty-five demerits. I thought that I would natu-

rally be restricted and I had always wanted to see England ever since I was quite young. In fact I had always wanted to live in England and I had a hazy idea of striking out for myself and staying here. On board the ship I was not making a very good record. I am slow, and not very bright by nature and I could not seem to do things to please my superiors. I admit everything I received in the way of punishment was absolutely all my fault. I am just disgusted with myself for not being able to do things better, but I have always had to conquer a lazy, idle streak in me ever since I was a child, and I know that I have been a disappointment to my people. I am just telling you so that you may see some reasons for my actions.

"I felt that I would like to start living in England, and that I could maybe make good and do better here, because I have always liked this country. I finally made up my mind to leave the ship, and took my pair of oilskin trousers and rolled dungarees and sweater in them, and tied a pair of shoes on the bundle. I could not manage to get out a port, so I hung about on deck waiting a chance to go down a hammock lashing I had tied on the pelican hook of a boat gripe. I managed to slip over the side and started to swim. The tide was quite strong, and after I had gone a short way I began to feel pretty well exhausted. I tried to hold against a mooring buoy, but the sweep of the current nearly brought me under the buoy. I finally managed to hang on the centerboard (probably means leeboard) of a smack of some sort, after having missed a boat that was towing astern of another smack. I climbed on board, and found that there was no one on the smack. I opened one of the hatches and went into the hold, crawling into a bag of some sort.

While I was in the bag I thought of the schoolship, the few friends I had on board, and various things such as this. I finally made up my mind to come back again. The rest is fairly easy. The boatswain saw me come on board over the gangway this morning. I don't want it to be thought that I am making excuses or any such thing as that by the first part of my account. It may sound rather childish and babyish, but it is the plain facts of my case.

Respectfully,

"_____."

Senior Regent Charles B. Alexander, of Manhattan and Tuxedo, came down yesterday afternoon from London and inspected the ship, being received with all the honors and piped on and off, the quarter-deck bugles sounding and "side boys" saluting as he came and went, just as if he were Lord High Admiral. Rather unfortunately many of the cadets are on shore liberty, but thorough inspection of the ship and its work elicited merited expressions of commendation.

A week from to-morrow or next day we hope to display at our main the blue Excelsior flag for the first time in Antwerp, which claims primacy among the ports of Europe.

H. L. B.

WITH THE NEWPORT CADETS ON AN AUTOMOBILE TOUR

English Hospitality Shown to New York Boys and Schoolship—Visit to Darnley Park and Historic Haunts and Homes in Kent—Pickwick, Falstaff and Dickens—Search for Pocahontas' Grave.

IV.

(Special Correspondence of The Standard Union.)

GRAVESEND, England, Aug. 2, 1924.—Yesterday was a red letter day in the annals of the Newport. Early in the day Mayor Henry E. Davis who, the previous afternoon, in almost regal pomp and ceremony, returned Capt. Riesenbergs' official call, invited the officers and cadets to accompany him and members of the borough council on a tour through interesting portions of this historic old country of Kent which boasts that it is the only one in England preserving itself and its independence from Norman rule.

At 4 o'clock, the cadet company, smart and snappy in blue with white caps, bearing above the visors the State arms in gold, and in white gloves, a battalion which would have done credit to Annapolis or West Point, marched in columns of twos up the narrow sidewalk from the Royal Terrace pier to the Town Clock, high on a Gothic tower in the plaza, the civic centre of the borough. Here the mayor and his associate hosts awaited the visitors, who were soon seated in high, comfortable motor buses, charabancs they call them here, first cousins to our "rubber-necks," and running rapidly through the narrow and tortuous streets of Gravesend, out into the open country to the west and southwest.

TYPICAL ENGLISH RURAL SCENES.

As we climbed the grades on excellent "metaled" roads, the landscape enlarged and soon we were looking over typical English rural scenes, fields of wheat, oats and barley, ripening in the fickle and infrequent sun, some already cut and in shock, then along a tract cut into handfuls of land, where each tenant, a London workman, might raise vegetables for his family, in the distance far rolling fields rising up in the horizon to the sky, like the Catskill or Adirondack vistas, and everywhere trees, single monarchs, in long and stately files as if planted generations ago, and once in a while a patch of real woodland. Everywhere were ancient landmarks.

"See that house," said my companion, as we passed one a little more venerable than the common run; "it's six hundred years old," and so on by "Fox and Hounds" and the other "pubs," including Pickwick Inn, the identical hostelry of the immortal Tupman, we came to Cobham Park, of Lord Darnley, but not the line, in which lay so much of

the tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots. Almost its first view, out of an avenue a mile or more long, overhung by magnificent elms, along which we were told no carriage is ever driven, except it carries a coffin. Asked for the reason, the answer was altogether characteristic: "Well, it's the tradition, and besides it's the shortest way to the church." Rarely could a more impressive and funereal line of march be found, and whether under leafless trees in winter gales or in full foliage and deep shadows in summer, nature's mood and silences would be more effective than any words of man.

At Lord Darnley's gate we were told he had left the Hall, a rambling, two-story brick mansion of no architectural pretensions, of which we had occasional views through the trees, as we passed rapidly along the confines of the park to a small vacant gore, between old and new roads, where the motors were halted. The whole company descended, the hampers of solids and liquids were opened, the mayor made a little speech of welcome and the rest goes without telling. No thoughtful observer could overlook the fifty-thousand acre holdings of Darnley, largely fallow and unbroken, given over to deer and pheasants, hunting and sports, and wonder why England does not raise more food and buy less—to which the obvious answer is that until labor is lower Canadian and Australian wheat and meats can be laid down in London much more cheaply than Kent's or the counties of the west or north.

ANCIENT CATHEDRAL AT STROOD.

Onward, after luncheon, running along the Canterbury road of Chaucer's Pilgrim, we soon topped the rising ground overlooking the Medway, a great tidal river, rivaling the Thames, and found the sea a few miles to the south of it, at our feet the ancient town of Strood, on the heights beyond Rochester and its thousand years or more Cathedral, oldest and one of the poorest in England, whence, you may remember, Bishop Hole came to lecture to us in Brooklyn, some years ago, and a bit further along Chatham, famous for its dockyards and naval base, and beyond, Gillingham, four municipalities practically one, and so closely running into one another that you cannot tell where each leaves off and the next begins, nearly a quarter of a million of people in the four and yet each with its own of-

ficials, dignities and authorities, as New York used to be before consolidation.

The Chatham Hotel, which entertained Queen Victoria, tries to bask in the glory of that memory, but our young sailors were a good deal more keen to get inside the Empire Theatre, where, thanks again to the Gravesend Mayor, a director, they laughed themselves nearly to death over a rollicking revue, "The Dancing Barber," which has a good deal of slapstick humor, uncommonly good dancing and costuming, and some spirited character acting.

The mayor made another little speech, from a box, draped with the American flag, telling them who the visitors were and why Gravesend was doing this for them, to which Capt. Riesenbergh made a graceful and effective response, which was most cordially received. The Newport's officers occupied the opposite box, draped with the British flag. "Two performances nightly" read the programme, one at 6 and the other at 8. Matinees are apparently unknown at the Empire. It was interesting to hear the manager of the motion picture next door, also within the mayor's financial protection, say, "All the best films come from America; climate, I suppose," though those at the Empire of the great naval review at Spithead by the King last week were exceptionally vivid and impressive.

VIEW OF FALSTAFF TOWER.

Chatham was rarely if ever more congested than when the "rubbernecks," packed with hilarious cadets, rolled out toward Gravesend and the Newport. The Falstaff tower, a lofty landmark on top of a hill, seems to dispute the assertion that nobody knows who put it there or what for, while the "Falstaff Inn," at the top of the grade, certainly confirms the belief that memory if not actual presence of the great authority on sack and other things had something to do with it.

No uncertainty, however, exists about the former home of Charles Dickens, a substantial, foursquare red brick residence, withdrawn a little from the road and surrounded by shrubbery on the left, just as we rise to the level on the top of Gads Hill. Occupied for a long time by the great Victorian, and birth-place of many of his books, it was later sold to private owners, and is now employed as a school, in which we could see lights burning brightly as we passed. Further along, toward the Thames, and commanding a view of it for miles, the road runs past another Dickens memorial, a humble vine-covered cottage, almost ready to fall, one would say, into the street. One tells you that Dickens was born in it, and points to a tablet by some London society to prove the assertion; another, but who says that he knew Dickens personally and for many years, declares that the inimitable novelist spent his honeymoon in it, and was born in Portsmouth.

"Seven cities, through which the living Homer begged his bread," you remember.

And so on, down to the old gray, ivied Chalk Church in Milton, and back to the Square of the Clock at Gravesend, where the mayor makes another little speech, complimenting the boys, and they deserve it, on their bearing and behavior; and escorted by the band, playing in time so fast that nobody could keep step to it nor with each other, we marched through the principal streets and crowding throngs to the pier plaza, where the mayor bade us all good-night, the band played "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King," at the end of a perfect day, one of which New York and its public schools have the right to be proud.

AT POCAHONTAS' TOMB.

Mark Twain at the tomb of Adam had nothing on Capt. Riesenbergh at that of Pocahontas, yesterday, though whether the latter's "story" will become, like the Clemens (rest his soul) classic, only time can tell. The recent agitation for exhumation and shipment to America of the bones of the Indian Princess, successfully resisted by Gravesend, is still fresh in mind and doubtless stimulated our curiosity. Old St. George's is down by the waterside, and it is still a fair presumption that, as the oldest of Gravesend churchyards, the remains of the fair Indian, whose death on board a ship anchored off Gravesend is well authenticated, were interred in the ancient burial ground.

The marble tablet in the chancel tells us that Pocahontas or Matoska was "gentle and humane," and died at the age of twenty-two, but as to place of interment is silent. Local living authorities confess and profess ignorance. A workman in the grass-grown yard told us that some time ago a considerable number of remains, quite likely including those of Pocahontas, were gathered and reinterred, unmarked, in a common grave, to make way for improvements and changes, and that there was no way by which anything certain at this late day could be established. Still, one could not but speculate whether Elizabeth, not always gentle or humane, or this lovely princess, did more for us and America, or what would have happened had the young lady not had that affair with Capt. John Smith.

Cadet Lusk of Binghamton, nephew of the Senator, is invalided home, passage paid, on "The American Shipper," Capt. Schuyler F. Cummings ('09), N. Y. State Nautical School, commanding. Salutes were exchanged between us and Capt. Schuyler's ship, his alma mater, passing down to the bar from Tilbury docks, on the Thames opposite Gravesend. We expect to see the sun rise, Wednesday, on the Scheldt, in Holland, and set on the same day and river at Antwerp in Belgium.

H. L. B.

WITH THE NEWPORT CADETS IN LONDON AND ON THE THAMES

Impressions and Experiences Recorded—What a “Great Britain Only” World Fair Is and Means—Four Merchant Schoolships at Anchor in River—American Chamber of Commerce in London.

V.

(Special Correspondence of The Standard Union.)

N. Y. SCHOOL SHIP NEWPORT, GRAVES-
END, England, Aug. 5, 1924.—We shall slip on—pull
out they say in the “Main Streets” of the middle
West— at 4 o'clock this afternoon, drop down the
Thames with a flowing tide, and, D. V., look on the
low lying shores of Holland tomorrow morning,
thread our way up the Scheldt and anchor or tie up
a few hours later in modern and mediaeval Antwerp.

Before leaving the hospitable and historic town, in
which so much has been done to make New Yorkers
contented and drive away any lingering homesick-
ness, a few more general observations of this “right
little, tight little island,” and what's going on in it,
may not be inopportune, now, as to Wembley and
its British Empire Exhibition. Eight million people
have seen it during the first four months, and

“on the outer walls

The cry is, still they come.”

So that a campaign for extension through the season
of 1925 is under way, and to use another Western
phrase, “spreading like wildfire.” The idea looks
good to the typical, average Britisher, always “busi-
ness as usual,” and has much to commend it. Care
and upkeep of grounds and buildings during the
winter couldn't cost much, comparatively; many ex-
hibits late in opening would get the full value of
their investment, and the impetus of the first season
would put it over in fine shape into the second. So
far as the merit of the exhibition is concerned, the
final word will not for a long time be written.

CONEY ISLAND OVER AGAIN.

An American, than whom none is more compe-
tent and critical, says tersely, “It's a fraud”; while
the fact that many of the Newport cadets have made
two and some three visits indicate other opinion and
more favorable judgment. Ten chances to one the
Brooklynite's exclamation, as he gets his first view
from a car window or the top of an omnibus, would
be: “Luna Park and Coney Island over again!” and
so far as the exterior is concerned he wouldn't be
far wrong. Roller coasters, a brave display of ban-
ners and barkers, the electric light, skeleton towers,
they are all there, and the spectacle, to a tender-
hearted observer, even from old instead of new
Gravesend, is enough almost to bring tears to eyes
unused to weep and remind him that on midsum-

mer Sundays there's no place like home. It's only
fair to say, however, that the exhibition should not
be judged by external appearances, and that the rele-
gation of all cheaper and more distracting competi-
tion to the outside was wise and commendable.

To describe or attempt to describe the exhibition
in detail would be idle and futile. Imagine Prospect
Park cut up by straight and curved roads into plots
of every conceivable shape and dimension, and filled
with fifty-seven varieties of nations, each with its
own particular feature and trait, and you would have
a faint idea of what the project attempts and reas-
onably accomplishes. The great Stadium, a glorified
Ebbets Field, in concrete, as if they'd brought it over
and enlarged the Yankees' or Giants', crowns the
highest elevation, and in it are held, when it doesn't
rain, which isn't so very often, the mighty “Pageants
of Empire,” to Sir Edward Elgar's music and Rud-
yard Kipling's poetic imperialism. Scattered about
on all sides and in all directions, with more order
and wisdom than the visitor at first recognizes, are
the dominion and colonial crown exhibits.

PICTURESQUE EFFECTS AT WEMBLEY.

Nature has been good to Wembley and, by making
full use of the “lay of the land,” its slopes and un-
dululations, far more picturesque effects have been
obtained than by grading to a common level or by
our rectangular “block” system of streets and ave-
nues. On the other hand, architectural and artistic
grouping and expression are sacrificed. Wembley has
none of the impressive dignity of Chicago's White
City, none of the poetry and eloquence and splendor
of San Francisco's Panama-Pacific (a high peak in
Fair history), and possibly did well not to attempt it,
since the objectives of this exposition are distinctly
different—practical, commercial and political.

Canada and Australia, as would be likely, in size
and interior display, obviously dominate the Domin-
ion buildings, while little Malta's pavilion, under the
direction of Commissioner Agius, an old Maltese
neighbor and friend of our Bishop Caruana, of Porto
Rico, formerly of Our Lady of Mercy, in Schermer-
horn street, and St. Leo's, in Corona, has many at-
tractive productions and reproductions of this an-
cient colony, Britain's stronghold in the Mediter-
ranean. Sierra Leone is picturesque in red, sunbaked
brick, a village in walled compound, thirty feet high,

with no entrance but its main gate. Even the remote Falklands are represented and "Palestine, mandatory territory," serves notice to the rest of the world of Britain's ideas concerning the future of the Holy Land. One doesn't have to keep his ear long to the ground to hear imperialism as the keynote of the exhibition.

Study of details would require months and description of many volumes. Palaces of art and industry are crowded with exhibits, and an engineering friend says that one of the most interesting in the latter is a Diesel internal combustion, electric propelled locomotive, self-contained, smoke-consuming, which has double the speed and traction power at half the cost of the present American type, an invention which, developed, may make greater changes in transportation than Stephenson's original. The application of electricity in the exhibition is everywhere most helpful. Canada shows Niagara's falls and rapids, not life size, but with real water, illuminated with marvelous fidelity, in color and motion, to the real thing; wheat is harvested, stored and shipped, reapers and trains moved by electricity; Australia shears sheep, grinds wheat and bakes bread with it, before the eyes of wondering crowds; indeed the spectacular and sensational effects are everywhere greatly heightened and emphasized by this new and most useful servitor.

CROWDS A GREAT OBJECT LESSON.

But the people, the ceaseless flow of humanity, anywhere from a quarter to half a million on good days, and rarely less than a hundred thousand on bad days, are the greatest show and object-lesson of Wembley. They are the typical, representative British common people, taking themselves and their pleasures seriously, believing they are the real things, have made the world what it is, and are responsible for its future, not only for themselves, but for all the rest of mankind.

One leaves Wembley, and it may as well be left here, with the conviction that the great reason for its being is to show Britons, overcrowded, unemployed and congested, how much better off they might make themselves under their own flag elsewhere; and to notify the rest of the world that Britannia not only rules the waves but a very considerable part of the land, and intends to keep control of both. Kipling chose "farflung" happily and wisely, and the American who can't read at Wembley the writing on the international wall must be blind. Anglo-American understanding, confidence and co-operation make world peace certain and perpetual, though the League of Nations, an iridescent dream, fades and fails.

BRITISH SCHOOLSHIPS AT ANCHOR.

Four British school ships, "Exmouth," "Worcester," "Arethusa," and "Warspite" are anchored, and have been for years, above us in the Thames, the line extending by intervals of two or three miles to Greenwich, ten miles or so nearer London. Each has a separate field and function. "Exmouth" receives the product of charitable and correctional schools,

as young as eleven; "Worcester" takes only gentlemen's sons, mostly high school graduates who pay \$500 a year and may become masters, while the other two are filled from reformatories and similar recruiting grounds. "Worcester" and "Huonay," similar ships at Singapore, are keen rivals, and many of the best British navigators and commanders hold their diplomas.

Capt. Riesenbergh, of the Newport, called the other day on the first two, our nearest neighbors. Shoving our noisy little launch up to the "Exmouth," a "bos'n" invited us aboard, explaining that nearly all the officers and students were away on vacation. Once aboard it was obvious that Admiral Noah had nothing on the "Exmouth," and that with an ark as her model he could have accommodated any of his neighbors who didn't believe there was going to be much of a shower. Second of its name, the "Exmouth," eighty feet abeam and nearly five times as long, four or five decks high, and held fast in the Thames by six anchors to bow and as many at stern, is really a floating school, differing from a house ashore only that it has water under it instead of land. On its upper deck, cased in with wooden walls, twenty-five feet high and open to sun and sky, is a great play and athletic field, the whole width of the ship. On panels along the sides are painted the names of Rodney, Hawke, Anson, Benbow, Hood and other British naval heroes, while against the break of the poop, Nelson's immortal "England expects every man to do his duty" is blazoned in gold on a red background which might be more effective if it were not in German lettering.

BOYS WELCOME VISITORS.

As the sound of strange voices was heard, the lads, like rats, came running out of hidden holes and corners, evidently tickled to see company. Two-piece suits, blue bell-buttoned trousers and undershirts was the bill of dress, but they all were scrupulously clean, looked and acted as though they were having a good time of it, and as the launch shoved off climbed around and swarmed over the gangway like a bunch of bees on a lump of sugar and gave us three hearty cheers.

On the "Worcester" it was different. A smart, well-set-up, soldierly looking cadet, cap and trousers white and short, roundabout jacket blue, received us at the landing stage, built like a permanent float alongside, and having sent our cards to the officer of the deck, ushered us up through a stately entrance, like a porte cochere, and over the side, much as if we were the guest of some fine old Manor Hall. Lieut. Sharp, in command, received us cordially, though nearly everybody was in town preparing for prize presentations. He told us a whole lot about the "Worcester" and its school methods and gave us its "Dogwatch," a handsome illuminated magazine issued by the cadets, of which he is senior editor. The call was brief, if welcome, but the Newport's dinner time, like the Thames tides, wait for no man.

The Anchorites and Seven Seas Club, social organizations of sea-faring merchant adventurers, re-

tired skippers and others of that ilk, gave a dinner at Alderton's, in Fleet street, the other evening to the veteran Capt. Woodget, commander of the famous old Australian clipper Cutty Sark, whose "log," by Basil Lubbock, has become a classic in marine literature. Again in commission, the old ship, fully rigged and ready for sea, is doing duty as floating headquarters at the yacht race this week, and possibly may go again into active service.

RIESENBERG SPEAKS AT BANQUET.

The feature of the evening was not, however, the recital of the speed trials and wonderful runs of former and better times, but the eloquent and convincing exposition by Capt. Riesenbergh, of the Newport, of the absolute necessity of sails and their handling in training men for any kind of position, either on steam or sailing vessels, and demolishing the theory that on steamships this training and knowledge are obsolete and superfluous. Only by experience on deck and in all sorts of weather under sail can young men learn to handle ships at sea, and, still more important, make quick decisions and command men in emergencies.

The applause which punctuated Capt. Riesenbergh's straight from the shoulder talk, and the congratulations which detained him long after the company broke up, showed that he had carried his point and

convinced his auditors. As for the dinner itself, it is worth noting that in substance and service it was much better than similar affairs at home and that the Eighteenth Amendment was honored rather in the breach than the observance.

Little time or space is left for the events preceding the Newport's arrival, and possibly of less importance, the American and British advertising agents and the lawyers' conventions. Each was fully covered by cable; all that a postscript may add is that blessings apparently have impressed as they took flight; that everywhere are kind and appreciative words of the visitors and their messages and memories.

The American Chamber of Commerce in London, which has just gone into new and spacious quarters in Aldwych Court, will print in its August Bulletin an article by President Powell, in which he says that Wembley will force America and other importers to excel themselves, in every possible way, to render their products more attractive and valuable. And in pursuance of that prediction and to promote its fulfillment, the London chamber has already addressed to the Brooklyn chamber, bespeaking close affiliation and co-operation, an overture which ought to be met half way.

H. L. B.

WITH THE NEWPORT CADETS IN FAMOUS OLD ANTWERP

*Medieval and Modern Capital of Continent Gives School a Hospitable Welcome—
Town Hall and Docks Objects of Interest—Notes on American Emigration and
Shipping.*

VI.

(Special Correspondence of The Standard Union.)

ANTWERP, Belgium, Aug. 10, 1924.—The Newport slipped her Gravesend moorings just after 11 last Wednesday morning and made fast to the great granite wall which makes the river front of the medieval city almost exactly seventy-two hours later.

Now, neither of these interesting operations is always as easy as it looks or sounds. Imagine yourself standing on top of a mooring buoy, a sort of glorified and overgrown barrel, lying horizontally awash, nothing about you but the sky, nor near you to catch hold of, nothing around you but a roaring, rushing tide, running like a millrace and more than fifty feet deep, and you'll get some idea of what New York owes the "nervy" cadet who knocked out the pin that morning, released the ship and saved the State fifteen dollars, which one of the river men wanted for doing the trick. And then coming alongside the pier Saturday morning. For two days anchored two miles below the city, awaiting a berth; it was an operation, also in swift, running tide, fourteen feet on each turn and requiring utmost patience and skill. The Newport nosed and surged her way in sidewise, until, as she lies, our blue ensign on the bow of it kisses the Belgian flag from a huge freighter forward, while at the stern our Stars and Stripes flaunt themselves in the face and almost within touch of another Belgian freighter for the Congo.

OFFICIALS RETURN CALL.

However, all's well that ends well. Baron Hoetvelt, the colonial Governor, and the burgomaster promptly returned the official calls of the day before, inspecting the ship thoroughly, with many expressions of approval; a large liberty party leaped like colts ashore immediately after dinner and everybody rejoiced that the long delay and suspense were over. For we had come down the Thames with the afternoon tide Wednesday, crossed the North Sea, entered the Scheldt in its Holland mouth at dawn, come up fifty-eight tortuous miles to Antwerp, to read, on the brilliant, sunlit dials of its great cathedral 7 A. M., only to find every river front occupied, and after a magnificent gesture sweeping around and across the river downstream,

to return to a safe anchorage far below out of harm's way.

And that rain-coated, straw-hatted party, sitting helpless in a driving shower for hours in a launch which would go only one way, and that not the right one, until the Pittsburgh's powerful motor came to their aid and towed them home, firmly believe that Job might have lost his reputation for patience had he been subjected to the uncomfortable test inflicted on them.

Two interesting visits were paid, before the showers, that afternoon. Where we now lie was the Belgium school ship L'Avenir, taking on her last stores, and filled with visitors saying farewell to officers and cadets, going in a few hours for Tampa, Fla., first port in a cruise which may last a year. L'Avenir is a roomy 3,000-ton, steel four-master with "sky sails," a vessel three times the size of the Newport, and has a record of seventeen and a half knots under sail. She has but sixty cadets against our ninety-four and twelve officers against our six, a chaplain against our none and, unlike the Newport, does, or tries to do, a freighting business among the ports visited.

PREFER BRITISH TO BELGIAN BLOOD.

Competition for cadet appointments is keen and examinations are severe, and yet, though the courses are thorough and training practical to a high degree, good authorities say that Belgian owners are more likely to pick British than Belgian commanders for their own ships. The idea seems to be that there is something in the British blood and stuff which meets emergencies and develops "Captains Courageous" to a higher degree and with greater certainty, and that Belgian material, highly specialized and carefully trained, fits better into the subordinate positions. L'Avenir, nominally owned and operated by a private corporation, nets a handsome deficit every year, which is made up by the Belgian government.

If anybody has any doubts of the material from which the American Merchant Marine can be recruited and the manner in which it most profitably can be trained Capt. Evans, of the armored cruiser Pittsburgh, can promptly and effectively dispel them. Capt. Evans, son of the late Admiral "Bob" Evans, ready always with his ships and his boys for a fight

or a frolic, is still remembered along Sands street in Brooklyn, which used to lead to the Navy Yard, and bases his opinion upon a long and rare combination of theory and practice. In his stateroom hangs a large framed photograph of the old Monongahela under full sail, every stitch of canvas, including "stu'n'sails," drawing, and you do not wonder that an officer who learned his business in that school talks with spirit and understanding.

A steamship driven by an engine says Capt. Evans pertinently and forcibly, "is nothing but one with a stern wind all the time"; and sailors are made of men who can meet all kinds of wind in all kinds of weather and, what is more, command all kinds of men and get out of every man the best that is in him. The two commanders of the Pittsburgh and Newport are in full and exact accord as to the selection and the training of boys for the merchant marine, and taxpayers along the Hudson and around Albany will have an opportunity next fall to see what they mean expressed in actual fact and terms of the human equation. "L'Avenir" anchored at sunset in the fog just ahead of us, but both were away with the daylight, the Belgian for America and the Pittsburgh, calling at Amsterdam for Admiral Andrews, for the Mediterranean.

MARCH TO TOWN HALL.

Antwerp, which wirelessly sent its invitation to the mid-Atlantic, has been hospitable to the Newport and its cadets. This morning the battalion, in shore uniform, marched in column along the quay, West street you might call it in Manhattan, and through the principal streets to the stately Town Hall, where they were received by the Burgomaster's representative and shown through the public halls and assembly rooms, each brilliantly lighted the better to display its artistic treasures and historic carvings and statuary. That Antwerp was once the art center of the world long ago was established, but to a first or any other time spectator the revelations of the Town Hall make an abstract historic fact a real surprise and continuing wonder. Next to the paintings, historic and allegorical, and the portraits of Belgian royalties and notables, the excellent preservation and perfect condition of every example is itself equal cause for admiration.

To stand in the Raadzand, or Common Council chamber, whose desks bear the nameplates of the present incumbents, and read on the vertical silver panels, between the windows, almost to the lofty ceiling, names of burgomasters from 1411, nearly a century before Columbus discovered America, down to that of to-day's host, is to admire the civic pride which has held this old port and fort of the Scheldt autonomous and prosperous during more than five centuries, and to wonder from what schoolships, after so long a time, will come cadets who will read on New York's municipal walls the names, an unbroken list, of chief magistrates who have done as much for her honor and prosperity.

Capt. Riesenbergh made good use of the opportunity, as the boys were studying the lists, the ceiling

and frescoes which looked down on them and the stately portraits which surrounded them, to remind the cadets that they were reading real honor rolls, names of mayors, not weaklings or slackers surrounded by aldermen who were grafters.

IN THE HALL OF MARRIAGES.

The hall of marriages, where civil ceremonies are performed, with the huge frescoes telling the story from earliest history to the first civil marriage in Antwerp, in 1796, could also give points to local magistrates and Latter Day Saints, even though they were not strong on the artistic temperament; and so on, through the burgomaster's private office, adorned with panels, sculpture and statues of Biblical scene and subjects. The catalogue of the art of the Town Hall would be long and the detail tedious, but the contrast between what we saw and heard this morning and what we never see or hear at home and the lessons in reverence for religion, ancestry, civic pride and municipal glory, are not less impressive and suggestive. If New York, when it is old, is to be as proud and beautiful in its municipal capitol as Antwerp, it has no time to lose.

From the great market place the cadets were marched, and it was rather a long and weary pilgrimage over the solid Belgium pavement, to the basin of the port, which has been under development and steady enlargement for the last fifty years, until to-day only two in the world handle more commerce than this.

Upon a municipal tug the boys piled and were taken the complete tour of the basin, through miles of steamships of all sorts and conditions, flying every flag except the one with which we used to be most familiar. Belgian was naturally the most frequent, with the British a close second, but on the entire tour only the Miantucket, a Seattle built, and the Sahale, a Black Diamond Hog Islander, displayed the Stars and Stripes, though, as if to make the absence more conspicuous, the "Manhattan" disported the British flag. Along with, and often alongside, the big fellows were the little ones, the canal boats, long, narrow of beam and deeply laden, which ply the interior waterways of the continent, collecting and distributing the vast tonnage of this port.

EVOLUTION OF WOMAN SHOWN.

On these, too, the evolution of woman has reached a point not often attained at home. Women handle tillers, these queer horizontal wheels by which the canal boat is steered, and never seen until in the Scheldt; tote bags of grain on their heads across decks and pour the contents through chutes into the boat lying below; and the strangest thing of all appear to enjoy it, laughing and hailing welcome to the blue-jacketed, white-capped cadets as the tug carried them rapidly by. One would say, even after an hour in the basin and a swift, superficial survey of its activities, that the United States Shipping Board, the New York Port Authority and the American woman suffragist might each and all think it worth while to

make a "survey" of what goes on in this great and prosperous harbor of activity.

One thing the Authority would learn is that there is no division of power or responsibility, and another that the city has sole control of finances, tolls, charges, capital investment and physical development, and no private or corporate interest has opportunity to interfere. Solidity and permanence are written over and into every feature. The Emperor Napoleon began it when he built the first pier, which still bears his name, more than a hundred years ago, while the wooden structures allowed for so long to fringe our rivers would be considered by these people as jokes or tragedies.

Two or three things, on the outside, may be worth noting here, as of contemporaneous human interest. The American consulate in Antwerp is struggling with an exacting and difficult problem in the administration of the new American immigration law. In round nummbers the quota for the current year, beginning July 1, is 500, and already the application is more than four times that number. From Russia, Poland, Germany and all Central Europe they have flocked here to embark for the land of the brave and the home of the free, only to find the door closed in their faces.

EMIGRANTS IN QUANDARY.

Their own countries will not permit them to return, for they already have expatriated themselves; Belgium does not want them, she has too many of her own, and America, according to her Washington lawmakers, will not accept them. Protests against detention, largely from the Congressmen who

enacted the law, are numerous and wrathful. In some cases, real hardships, involving separation of parents and children, seem imminent, but in the end the condition will doubtless be improved and the operation of the law in the long run justify the faith and expectation of its friends.

A more encouraging factor in the situation is found in the fact that the carnival of corruption and graft in shipping and marine circles, which followed the war and the American merchant marine forcing process, is now definitely over, and what business is done is straight and normal. Captains who jumped from all sorts of jobs and all sorts of places into the American shipping business, that they might get rich easy while the getting was good, no longer present for certification padded and inflated invoices, five and ten times market prices for ships' purchases. Possibly, next winter, if any unsatisfied appetite for investigation remains in Washington, consular accounts of ships' expenses in foreign ports would furnish interesting and profitable exploring ground, and explanation of why American ships lose so much money.

What the people of Antwerp think of the Newport and its company may be inferred when nearly a thousand visitors came on board yesterday, Sunday, and almost as many to-day, a local holiday, which may mean pleasant memories on both sides, when we leave on Wednesday morning's tide for Cadiz and Old Spain, once ruler of Brabant and Flanders. The shadow of Charles V. every day falls on the Town Hall, but not on the citizens in or around it.

H. L. B.

WITH THE NEWPORT CADETS ON BELGIAN BATTLEFIELDS

Two Hundred Mile Automobile Trip Through Beleaguered Cities of Ten Years Ago—Scars of War Rapidly Disappearing—A Little Trouble in Which Americans Figured and Which Might Have Ended Seriously.

VII.

(Special Correspondence of The Standard Union.)

ANTWERP, Aug. 11, 1924.—It was exactly 8:30, yesterday morning, when we four climbed into the big automobile, on the pier, alongside the Newport, and when we left it in the same place, fourteen hours later, the register showed that we had traveled almost exactly two hundred miles. If anybody objects that we broke either Divine or speed laws, let it be argued out. What better way to observe or suspend either, than by going over the ground and among the scenes which mean as much to this realm and the present day as Marathon to Greece or Gettysburg to America?

The day for the journey was auspicious, too, since it was the tenth anniversary of that August Sunday on which the long reign of terror, of fire and sword, of devastation and starvation, was let loose on this peaceful people, this beautiful fertile country, one of the fairest and happiest on which the sun shines. We traveled swiftly and rapidly, and the day was a continuous "movie," a panorama in which the ancient, recent and present were mingled, views and impressions sharp and fleeting, of which only a few, the high spots, will bear transference to paper and transmission over sea.

START FOR BATTLEFIELDS.

To reach the battlefields and beleaguered cities from Antwerp, you begin by ferrying across the Scheldt; and this is the way they do it on a river with a fourteen-foot tide. Instead of entering and leaving a slip head on, as our East and North River boats, they come along sidewise, make fast to a landing platform, which rises and falls automatically with the tide, all vehicular traffic being admitted and discharged amidships, at right angles to the boat and its course, while passengers disport themselves in "any old place" over the spacious single-deck, side-wheeler. The whole business is so simple, safe and practical that one wonders why some bright Brooklynite, they say there are such, had not thought of it before and tried it out on some of our ancient and honorable ferries, and the idea is thus modestly passed along to our Department of Plant and Structures. As to tolls, seven francs, equivalent to-day to about thirty-five cents, paid the freight for the party and car.

Once over the river, the route strikes straight out southwest, thirty miles to Ghent, a great manufacturing centre, and where important American history has also been made. If one wants in his mind's eye a map of the day's route, it might be easy to imagine a bisected pear, of which the stem is Antwerp-Ghent and the circumference Bruges, Zeebrugge, Blankenbergh and Ostend, on the North Sea, with Dixmude, Ypres and Courtrai on the homeward run, all the way over solid Belgian pavements, except a few miles of asphalt behind the dunes, overlooking the North Sea. At once, not ten minutes from the river,

"Every prospect pleases and only man is vile" comes to mind, as you run rapidly along, under avenues of stately elms, lindens and other deciduous trees, and among wheat and oats, ripening for the harvest, long columns of stacks already gathered and placed in position, with the precision of a soldier and accuracy of an engineer. Dense, deep green, profuse and impervious foliage is the dominant note of the landscape's color scheme, and once in a while the flash of water or the tawny covered deck of a canalboat reminds one that this is to-day really as much the "Low Country" as when Holland ruled it. The white funnel and tapering masts of a big ocean freighter, making its way to Antwerp, seen over the fields and against the green trees, has a distinctly bizarre effect.

FIELDS AND FARMS DESERTED.

Belgian farming is intensive. Nowhere is a fence or a sign of one, unless it be the pretense of a hope visible, and as for stones, rock ledges, swamps or any of the obstacles of the American fields, all are conspicuous by absence. Land is too valuable here to be held out of production and that, possibly, as well as that man is a gregarious animal, has something to do with the fact that here everybody lives in villages, and while the views of the fields range far and wide, like those in the corn belts of Illinois, not a home or homestead may come within sight.

But if fields and farms were silent and deserted, the roads were vocal and the villages populous. All along, bicyclers, men and women, were speeding, and at Locre we had excellent opportunity to see a small city, en fete. The display of Belgian flags along the main street was profuse, and even one

tiny American was recognized, while, when we reached the market place, "Welcome to Leopold" on a great white arch spanning the street explained it all. The portly mayor, in frock coat and tall hat, a broad tricolored sash "Sam Browne" over and around his manly form, really made an imposing appearance, and the athletic clubs, in uniform awaiting the royal visitor, were a clean, fine-looking body of youngsters. Some of the street decorations were especially effective, the combination of evergreens in wreaths and loops over-arching the street and circling above it was especially novel and pleasing.

BELGIAN FLORAL GARDENS.

Just before reaching Ghent we struck the flower zone, once lucrative from the profits of the American market, now quite the other way from the operations of our tariff. However, even Congressmen cannot permanently obstruct the love of nature and of beauty; so nowhere could fields of cloth of gold, of deep red roses, of variegated and multitudinous sweet peas, with many other new and strange specimens be found more richly blooming than in these Belgian floral gardens, along which we swiftly passed, while the familiar New England hollyhocks, taller and deeper in blood-red hue than of old, seemed to remind one of auld lang syne—or possibly were a reincarnation of the blood shed to save these old homes of the fathers and fatherland.

Accent and emphasis were added to this brilliant color scheme by the sombre background of evergreen, which the thrifty nurserymen were bringing on in all stages of larger growth and wider markets, yet it seemed to constitute a touch of pathos, of solemnity, to which we were not insensible.

A few moments and hurried survey of the cathedral and we passed on from Ghent toward Bruges, soon to hear from our chauffeur, a veteran: "Now we are entering the war zone, and from that point on every house is new." In a minute or two we made out the first blockhouse, a structure of concrete, possibly ten feet square and as many high, and soon so numerous that we lost count of them. They were built by the Germans on their first invasion as a line of possible defense. Some were captured and recaptured several times, others abandoned, and when the war was over and the Germans left for good many were demolished by the owners of the land that it might again be brought into production. Trenches were long ago filled or overgrown, and were it not for these gray, ungainly pill boxes all this country would show hardly a sign of the desolation of ten years ago. To the casual observer the "come back" of Belgium, after the war and the German occupation, is a far more interesting and not less amazing spectacle than the scenes enacted here ten years ago.

VISIT TO BRUGES CATHEDRAL.

Bruges, historic and venerable, with its famous chimes, silent except for a weekly evening concert, detained us but a short time, since our errand was of inspection, not of minute study and comparison. Fortunately we met the worshippers, leaving the

cathedral after the morning service, a large, devout and orderly company, and only the passing view was necessary to convince one of the wonder and mystery of the art and religions which in combination have found expression and commanded the admiration of Christendom for centuries. No such stained glass windows may elsewhere be seen in such sharpness of outline and vividness of color, for fortunately the sun was bright outside, while on every hand are chapels, shrines, tablets, panels and votive contributions which, not less than the engraved stone beneath the feet, tell of centuries of noble lives, of faith and devotion.

Then a whirl through the narrow, tortuous streets, peering into the spotless rooms, dressed in white, of houses more than a thousand years old, some with windows only in the roof, that they the better might defend themselves from street attack; and out over the bridge, by the eleventh century castle, through the convent grounds, where the American and English artists and art students were sketching and the swans lazily floating on the stagnant water, we drove forward to the northwest and the North Sea.

It's a short run, less than half an hour, from Bruges to Zeebrugge, scene of the gallant Vindictive exploit, which broke up this German submarine base, and in the annals of the British Navy paralleled Trafalgar and the Nile. Nothing but a few dismantled hulks, half buried in the sand, remain to remind us of the great adventure and we hadn't the time to walk a mile or more along the mole which circles around the harbor to the lighthouse a mile or more away. To Blankenbergh, the road runs behind, a mile or so, the dunes, which front the North Sea, thirty or forty miles or so, to Nieuport, the final stand and forlorn hope of Belgium during the darkest days.

DUNES FORM DEFENSE FROM SEA.

Not small, easily climbed affairs, these dunes, like ours of the Rockaways and the South Shore, but in some places a hundred feet or more high, almost a mountain range, and a perfect defense from the sea. Massive gun emplacements are still in position, and it is evident to-day that British descent upon this coast would have been desperate and futile, a repetition of Gallipoli. The Excelsior Belle-vue at Blankenbergh commands a lordly outlook, on the beach sloping a half mile to the sea, dotted with bathers and bathing wagons and shade chairs; they do these things somewhat better than we; but if you cared to think, either indoors or out, that you beheld Brighton or Manhattan in their palmiest days, the imagination would not have been overworked. All the way to Ostend the tale was the same, on the right the far-reaching placid sea, under the August haze, the bathers and strollers, and on the left the dunes, with their dismantled fortifications and frequently ruins of five and six story hotels, destroyed by shell fire or conflagration.

Just as we were leaving Blankenbergh, however, an incident occurred which for a while engaged our attention more than land or sea, than events or

memorials of the past. On the bridge over the canal a car, containing two men, the younger driving, and on the rear seat two or three women, drew rather rapidly alongside, upon which we put on more speed and forged up into the lead, which caused the young fellow to go us one better and cut across our bow, forcing us to stop or run risk of a collision.

AN UNPROVOKED ASSAULT.

While standing in our tracks, the occupant of our front seat could hardly believe his senses as he saw the other chauffeur leap from his car and run, with loud language and threatening gestures, to ours, leap on our running board and let out a furious left-hander at our own chauffeur. A quick dodge, a clear parry and the rattle of crashing glass told that his blow had missed and that the front of our car was smashed. Meanwhile, the two lads in the tonneau were in wild terror, shrieking: "They're going to kill daddy," and it certainly looked like it, while the outside passenger was busy wondering whether he would next see an automatic in the hands of the assailant, or the big stick which he knew daddy had with him, laid about his head. Discretion, however, proved to be the better part of American valor.

The combatants descended to the ground, the crowd gathered, the police, as usual, came late into the picture and drawing off the assailant out of hearing, held a conference of half an hour or so, after which they invited our chauffeur to come over and told him he was in the wrong. Later we learned that the occupants of the attacking car, for neither touched the other during the whole affair, were a Brussels judge grown rich during the war, and his son, and in the Antwerp court their "pull" would doubtless prevail. Anyhow, the Americans agreed that a more dastardly, unprovoked assault on an innocent, competent chauffeur who, in eighteen years' driving, has never been fined or penalized, could scarcely have been made, and that, for themselves, they were lucky in getting out of the scrape with only half an hour's detention.

DISMANTLED GUNS STILL IN PLACE.

From Ostend, with its congestion of railway tracks, canals, docks and piers, and its basins full of fishing boats, its great kursaal overlooking, with attendant lesser resorts, the western sea, almost to the chalk cliffs of Dover, the road swerves back into the country. Just before entering the city, you make a detour to see the "German battery," the big gun which threw shells into Dunkirk, still dismantled and in position, while close to the roadside, almost under foot, lies a huge shattered fragment of two or three tons, black with rust, of a similar discarded piece of heavy ordnance, surrendered but not taken away. Beyond Nieuport, through whose unloosed gates poured waters which flooded the surrounding country, and saved for Belgium and the map of

Europe the smallest, most historic remnant of its realm, the topography of the terrain changes completely.

The level plain gives way to rolling undulations, reminding one of western Kansas and Nebraska, and from the higher elevations one looks far over thousands of acres checkered with wheat, barley and flax, ready for the harvest; hundreds, it may be thousands, of new houses, clustered in villages or drawn up in long parallels, all of pink brick and red tiled, showing fair and brave against the green hedges and forests and the blue horizon. The scars of war have almost completely disappeared, and to-day it would be hard to find anywhere on God's green earth a region more peaceful, prolific and apparently prosperous than this very scene of horrors ten years ago.

At sorely stricken Ypres, a band concert was heard by thousands crowding the street of the shattered Cloth Hall, the rebuilding of which on lines of its original beauty is already well advanced. Yet though the scars are healing, memories will remain forever. In a little village near Ypres, on the spot where Guynemer, the French ace, fell to his death, is an artistic monument, crowned by a swiftly flying eagle, to his honor; a colossal granite Canadian in war helmet, only head and bust carved, the reminder of the stone being in the rough, unfinished, surveys the field where lie the Dominion sons who fell hereabouts; and cemeteries of black crosses in long rows and decorated with flowers tell the story of Belgian valor—to which those of the German dead, neglected and uncared for, offer sharp and significant contrast. More impressive than anything else were the frequent monuments of stone, some by the roadside, others in the market place, inscribed "Ici arrete," or the equivalent phrase, with proper date, indicating that on this spot and day was stopped the German advance, the tide which threatened to engulf Belgium and later civilization.

SCENE OF CAVELL EXECUTION.

By this time the lingering sun had set, and as we sped eastward and homeward, from Ghent over the road of the morning, we agreed that though we hadn't climbed a grade of one-half of one per cent.; seen a stone as big as a man's fist, a ragged or uncleanly child, a man or woman in mourning, all day we had taken in much that would never be forgotten and as we paid the chauffeur 700 francs for 400 kilometres (figure it out for yourself, with the franc at 19.50 to the dollar) it was, as Con used to say in "the Shaughraun," "worth it."

This afternoon, we have stood by the place of Edith Cavell's execution in Brussels, and brought thence impressions and memories which will not soon be effaced.

H. L. B.

WITH THE NEWPORT CADETS IN ANTWERP AND BRUSSELS

New York Schoolship Crew Visits Scene of Edith Cavell's Execution, Where Thirty-five Heroes Were Shot—American Consular Bureau of Commercial Information—Secret of Happiness In Belgium.

VIII.

(Special Correspondence of The Standard Union.)

AT SEA OFF COAST OF PORTUGAL, Aug. 19.—The ruddy, blond, gray-capped chauffeur by his car in the Grand Palace of the Brussels station could speak but little English, and that little, though better than our French, wasn't worth much. When we told him our time was short, it was late afternoon, but that we wanted to see the place of the execution of Edith Cavell, he "caught on" instantly.

"Oui, oui," he replied eagerly, and quicker than it takes to tell we were off. Climbing the long hill, past the lately completed Royal Palace, with a distant view of the magnificent Palace of Justice, one of the monumental court houses of the world, not excepting New York's, on its imposing height close to and yet above the city, and in its pristine marble purity, now sadly dimmed, we were whirled rapidly along the boulevard leading straight to the easternmost outliers and scattered dwellings of the capital. Turning sharply and down a steep declivity, we passed through an open gate, on either side standing long rows of sheet or corrugated iron barracks built by the Germans for prisons, now taken over and populous with women and children, derelicts of the war for whom housing has not yet been provided. Streets, alleys and paths, crossing at right angles, were full of life, human and animal, and it was evidently another case where the plowshares had produced more rapidly and generously than the sword.

SCENE OF MARTYR'S EXECUTION.

Before us rose a long three-story, towered brick building, reached by a winding, upgrade road, through a wide open space, and on its level plateau, before the main entrance, our driver halted. No sign of life was anywhere visible; rattling of doors and inspection of windows brought no response, while around the corner, blown by the stiff breeze and dripping with the shower, came a young man and woman who exclaimed in English: "Isn't it too bad! A holiday, after hours, and everything closed!"

But our chauffeur bade us climb in again, and taking the wet wayfarers, honeymooners, too, they looked like, in with us, we ran rapidly around the extreme end of the building, and plunged down a deep, narrow, one-way road, almost overgrown with shrubbery, wellnigh impassable. A woman's call ar-

rested our progress; we could have gone but a few rods farther anyhow, and answering her summons, with difficulty turning the car, we climbed up the steep grade and halted before the open door.

She knew as by instinct what we wanted, and inviting us in, but without a word, piloted us down a steep-winding staircase to a floor far below, where, stretching away before us, was a long bare hall, possibly a hundred feet by half the width, dimly lighted on one side by windows, darkened by clouds and spattered by rain. Half way down the hall the concierge led us, then turning sharply to the right we were in a sort of recess or enclosure, three or four feet above the ground and commanding a view of the small adjoining yard, slightly below our level. She pointed, not a word was said, none was necessary, and advancing to the rail, we saw a polished granite tablet, possibly twenty feet by fifteen, inclined easily like an open book, before the spectator, and on it we read:

Here, for Love of Country,
35 Heroes were Shot by
German Soldiers

Names and dates in the columns followed, Miss Cavell's in capitals being the fourth from the top in the left hand column, and the date "12:10:17." Beyond the simple, impressive tablet, resting on the ground and adorned with flags and flowers, was another memorial device of a bronze shield, tended faithfully by loving hands, and in the further background evergreens, flowering shrubs, whose reverent caretaking made this a fitting setting to the never-to-be-forgotten tragedies, a retired, solemn shrine for future generations to seek out and ponder upon. Seen in the shadows and showers, the mournful spot was doubly impressive, and the casual guests, grateful for protection and transportation by the Americans, told us, before we delivered them at the station, returning to Bruges, where they had heard that just after the German execution, a secret mine had been discovered, timed to explode in a week, which would have completely demolished the famous belfry of that poetic, historic city.

BELGIAN VIEW ON RECONSTRUCTION.

Antwerp time and tides wait for no man. The Twentieth Century leaves the Grand Central station no more promptly than did the Newport that

staid and hospitable port. All morning, "This ship sails to-day at 3 P. M.," had been displayed on a blackboard at the gangway, the last goodbyes and Godspeeds had been exchanged, and the great gilded hands of the lofty cathedral tower clock had no sooner quartered than the last line was cast off and the Sirius was gently pulling us around the sharp elbow of the Scheldt, and directly over our unwilling anchorage of two days upon entrance, that we might go unimpeded to the sea. While we are meandering in the late afternoon down the muddy river and surveying from the deck the green fields, leafy groves, shallows and tidal flats through which it finds its way, one or two postscripts may be worth while.

The American Consulate in Antwerp is something far more than a place for viseing passports and helping stranded travelers and destitute seamen. Consul-General Messersmith maintains and efficiently operates a bureau of commercial and business information which would be a credit to any statistical or financial organization in New York, Washington or anywhere in the world. Four trained specialists devote their entire time to the work, the facts are gathered from impartial and authentic sources, and, with the added sanction of official authority, continental publications are read and clipped, and the entire mass of material is systematized and cross-indexed so that the precise and definite information which any Brooklyn or other American merchant desires to have, in order to decide whether to enter this market or any tributary to it, is immediately available. Besides, much of the material is co-ordinated and discussed in independent monographs by Mr. Messersmith and his staff, and these frequent and occasional reports on the different markets, their tendencies and opportunities, on Belgian commercial law, usages and customs, are exhaustive and valuable. One, lately, on the progress and results of arbitration in Belgian commerce and business, is particularly profitable to Brooklyn and its Chamber of Commerce, which is making progress slowly along similar lines.

SECRET OF BELGIAN HAPPINESS.

One remark, by an American of thirty-five years official service in Antwerp, and who knows this

country and its people as few others, seems particularly well worth quoting.

"How do you explain it," asked the questioner, "that everybody in Antwerp seems happy and contented, that Brussels is bright, crowded and gay, and even the war desert, with its thousands of new homes, begins to blossom like the rose?"

"Well," he replied, "I see it in this way. In France, they said, 'We'll spend the reparation money in rebuilding—when we get it.' In Belgium they say, 'We'll rebuild now and earn the money or get it somehow. Our children and grandchildren can take care of the reparation money, when they get it—if ever.'"

The sun hangs low, behind the clouds, over the North Sea. We are in Holland, exchanging at Flushing, or Wissingen, if you prefer that style, the Belgian for the Dutch pilot, who leaves us at midnight, to thread our way down the English Channel and the sunny south, more than a thousand miles away.

Dawn found us at anchor in the roads of Calais, and two hours later looking, with glasses, far up the lock, through which the Channel boats pass and repass to the inner harbor, young "Billy," who sees everything on board a little sooner than anybody else, and proudly wears his engineer's chevron, observed: "They've got the three of them, all right." And as our returning whalecraft drew nearer in the morning haze it was seen that the youngster was right.

The white-capped, uniformed convalescent from the Gravesend hospital in the sternsheets, and the two runaways from a Wapping jail, slouch-capped and black-coated, like two tramps (and brought over by the destroyer Yale from Gravesend the day before) huddled in the bow. They came over the rail, the boys gave the glad hand to their unlucky invalid comrade, who had missed Antwerp; the two deserters went silently and sullenly below and the Newport was again under way, heading on a long slant W. S. W. as old-timer sailormen would say, 228 degrees in the new navy nomenclature, for Ushant, the southwestern point of France—and the historic, dreaded Bay of Biscay beyond.

H. L. B.

WITH THE NEWPORT CADETS FROM CADIZ TO SEVILLE

Early Morning Trip to Metropolis of Southwestern Spain Through Andalusia—Visit to the Cathedral and Alcazar—Memories of Carmen Revived—Final Resting Place of Christopher Columbus—Original of Madison Square Tower—Spanish-American Fair of 1927.

IX.

(Special Correspondence of The Standard Union.)

CADIZ, Spain, Aug. 23, 1924.—The morning light was breaking over the Andalusian Hills, yesterday, as three Newporters were swallowing, in the ward-room, hasty cups of coffee, preparing to depart for Seville. Not another soul on board except the watch was awake, the launch and its crew was at the foot of the gangway, and when you realize that 7:15, by this Spanish daylight-saving, means 5:45 by standard time; that it's a mile and a half to the landing and a mile more to the station; that this was the only day and the only train which would serve—you'll probably admit that for once early rising was justified.

Why this unearthly hour of beginning a train journey of sixty miles, even though at its slow speed and almost interminable stops it takes four hours, no one knows or apparently cares to know or explain. It is a good illustration of the Spanish "manana" way of doing things; and besides that, may have advantages in awakening the inhabitants of a sleepy city who otherwise would never awake. "Look out that they don't short change you," warned one of our party who based his advice on experience in Mexico, "they all do it, banks, dealers, hackmen and everybody, hoping that through ignorance they'll get by, or if not, pleading an unintentional mistake in reckoning," which was perhaps the reason why, to lessen the chances of error, one bought the tickets for three.

HOME OF CERVERA'S WIDOW.

Crawling out of Cadiz, over the narrow, sandy peninsula, cast up by the sea, since the Phoenicians, most daring of the world's navigators, passed the Pillars of Hercules and, fifteen hundred centuries before the Christian era, they claim, founded on an island, Gades, now Cadiz, one comes first to San Fernando, headquarters of one of the three naval departments of Spain, and to Americans more interesting as the home of Madam Cervera, widow of the admiral who surrendered at Santiago, and on whom Admiral Andrews, lately in this port with the cruiser Pittsburgh, called—a venerable lady who, at the age of eighty-five, in full possession of her faculties, was attended by four sons, all in the naval service of their country.

From San Fernando, on for miles, salt works occupy the landscape, while in the distance the sea, along which runs a daily motor service to Gibraltar, fills the background. No process of manufacture could be simpler, and the Onondaga and Wyoming salt makers of New York may be justified in their demands for tariff, which competes not only with cheap labor, but with the aid of the free and unstinted sources of nature. Gravity, to permit the salt water to flow into the great, shallow, rectangular pits or lagoons, simply cut out of the tidal marsh, and the sunlight to evaporate the water during these long, rainless seasons. That is all there is to it. No power, raw material, buildings, depreciation, insurance or any of the capital charges of the American manufacturer. After a while evaporation is carried to a point where cheap, unskilled labor can be called in, and the long, pyramidal, white stacks of the finished product, many thousands of tons, looking like marble landmarks, for miles away in every direction, demonstrate that the Spanish coast dwellers make other things than hay while the sun shines.

VAST FIELDS OF GRAIN.

Away from the sand, the sea and the marshes, the road strikes a northeasterly course, through Andalusia, and here comes another surprise. Arid and brown in August, the country reminds one of New Mexico or Southern California, with a dash of the Dakotas, but either the resemblance is superficial or the right of way has been laid over and across the hills and upland instead of the river valleys. As far as the eye can see are fields of grain, mostly wheat and barley, in various stages of harvest; some completely gathered and fall plowing under way; while in others herds of hundreds of cattle range among the stubble.

Not a fence is anywhere visible. In the distance the white mansion or hacienda, and the farm buildings, surrounded by trees, ilex, acacia, and others unknown to America, deciduous, yet always evergreen, almost concealing the places from view, which are widely scattered; often no neighbors within miles. It is easy to see why the rural school problem never has had a chance to exist in Spain. And so on, mile after mile, the landscape unrolls,

until, it may honestly be admitted, the monotony palls.

Occasionally Indian corn, one stalk to a hill, moves its tattered tassels, like a solitary sentry, to the wind, while, in close proximity, droops the heavy-headed clusters of sorghum, like bunches of grapes. Cattle on a thousand hills were there, and while a moving train, even as slow as these in Spain, is not an ideal place to study livestock, it was easy to see that the reason for being of these black and red Audalusian herds was beef and hides rather than milk, butter or cheese. First cousins in build and frame of the Texas longhorns, black seemed the favorite color, though red was a close second, while all ages seemed to graze contentedly together. Drove of goats, flocks of turkeys, and pigs running wild around railroad stations, melon patches of a dozen acres, and others as large of peppers green and gold, also added variety to the view—a living, faithful moving picture of rural Spain and life in it to-day.

OLIVE GROWING DOMINANT INDUSTRY.

While livestock and grain are evidently important factors in Andalusian agriculture, the olive is more plainly its dominant industry. Every sloping hillside was covered with orchards of low, wide spreading, ungainly, densely green trees, whose fruit will be gathered in November. From the train order seemed absent, they looked carelessly scattered, but from the right point in passing, all fell into mathematical, almost military lines, and in some the land was plowed and cultivated. One young orchard, of thousands of trees, each swathed in straw, bound into a sharp cone, three feet or more at the base and six inches or less at the height of a tall man, a sort of windshield to protect from drought, the green leafy top waving in freedom, was one of the most interesting and spectacular fields of the entire journey. Rank after rank of mile long skirmishers in open order stood with military precision as if awaiting the sign to begin the engagement.

Seville receives its railroad guests in a station on one side of a large, level public square stretching away, we might say, several blocks in either direction, belted with trolley tracks, filled with dust and a few scattered shade trees. Hotel omnibuses line up at right angles to the station straight out into the open, instead of along the curb, as in some greater and more congested cities, and so we passed a dozen or more to find a "guide and interpreter," as the inscription in gold on his cap informed us, who spoke English fairly well and knew his business sufficiently to insure wise use of the three and a half hours vouchsafed by the Spanish timetable.

THOUGHTS OF "CARMEN" REVIVED.

Naturally, at Seville, first thoughts were of Carmen and the cigarette factory; after which there might be time for the cathedral, Alcazar and minor attractions. Hardly had we moved out of the square, before "There it is," greeted us, and sure enough a great brown three-story structure, looking like just

what it was, an obsolete fortification of olden time, a little modernized here and there, its moat dry and its drawbridge destroyed. There could be no doubt about it, for it is the only one in the city, tobacco and its manufacture being a government monopoly; and if any of the prototypes or successors to Carmen exist, none were visible—not a sign of life appeared, not a sound of human activity was heard. Carmen will remain a memory of Calve rather than Seville.

Next, inevitably, the cathedral, and as it, with everything else in the city, closes at one, there was no time to lose. Now, the plain, personal truth is that one of the American trio was rather "fed up" on cathedrals. Within a few weeks, Incarnation at Garden City, St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights; then St. Paul's, London, Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, Maline—is not enough as good as a feast?

Besides, every guide book and tourist has written and told of Seville, and why carry coals to Newcastle? Still, simply Seville's site is unique and interesting. That of the Moorish mosque, seat of Moslem rule for centuries, before that faith was expelled from Spain, and sections of whose walls, with their inscriptions, are preserved in the edifice of to-day. Entering, the effect is at once profound, awe-inspiring, almost mysterious. There is the same cruciform plan common to all cathedrals, but the height and stability of the columns as they tower away up over 300 feet, to carry the distant lofty arches, is something hardly to be realized by the senses or translated into words. The sense of elevation, or aspiration, is heightened by the dim religious light, windows are noticeably few and remote, and the permanent effect upon the visitor of this silent, eloquent, shadowy temple is irresistible.

VISIT TOMB OF COLUMBUS.

Chapels, with their lanterns dimly burning; mortuary tablets, some prone, over the ashes of the dead, others erect, built into the walls! votive offerings, relics and memorials innumerable (and for them the curious may be referred to guide books) were, of course, in abundant evidence. But for the more secular Americans the tomb and the remains of Columbus were the principal objective. In a central alcove, at the crossing of the nave and the transept, stands the Columbus catafalque, consecrated here on the fourth centenary of his discovery of America, after sojourns in San Domingo and Havana, for their final resting place, though there are still doubting Thomases who say it enshrines all that was mortal of Bartholomeo, his brother, not of Christopher.

The spectator beholds, standing on a marble pedestal, four or five feet high, four colossal bronze figures, Knights, in mediaeval costume, each holding a lance, and bearing on their shoulders a litter; on which rests the coffin containing the sacred relics. On the bottom of it may be read, if one looks steadily upward long enough, an appropriate inscription. On the sides of the pedestal are other legends, historical and explanatory; on the three sides of the chapel, for it is without guard or enclosure from

the front, are paintings illustrating events in the life of Columbus; but it must be confessed that the effect of the whole, as an adequate tribute to a great, historic character and epochal achievement is disappointing, and the flamboyant knights bearing the coffin seem triumphal rather than memorial or funereal—but perhaps it was meant to be so.

COURT OF EMPEROR FERDINAND.

Then, for an admission fee, into the electrically lighted crypt of the Emperor Ferdinand, whose body in its gold-plated coffin is still shown the faithful at regular intervals, with diamonds, emeralds and other precious stones, a prince's ransom, and the identical sword with which he waged war and drove the Moorish invaders from his country. It was all very realistic, patriotic and religious, a strange and convincing combination. To one of the Americans, however, a single living figure was the most impressive of all. This was that of a workman, with chisel in hand, no longer than a lead pencil and a mallet no bigger than an apple, recutting, by patient, gentle, tapping blows, the marble tracery on one of the lintels of the entrance to the crypt of the Duke.

Plainly the white of the new showed against the dust and rust of the old, but to think of one man addressing himself to the task of "restoring" this vast, awesome cathedral! As well imagine an ant rebuilding the pyramid of Cheops.

And then when we came out into the sunlight, and looked up to and against the beautiful blue, we saw it all: the Tower of Madison Square Garden, Stanford White's masterpiece, which we soon shall see no more. And it was well worth coming all this way to behold the original. Even if a Democratic Convention had not obscured the decline and postponed fall of the American counterpart.

ALCAZAR PALACE OF MOORISH KINGS.

Luncheon: seven courses for ninety cents, American, and a quart of excellent red ink for much less than half what we used to pay in the good old times at home! This occupied so much time that but little was left for the Alcazar, the palace of the Moorish kings. But that does not so much matter. The Alcazar of Seville and some of the buildings in the Alhambra at Granada are much alike, except that the latter crowns the summit of a wondrous hill, a landmark for miles around—and who would attempt to do in a day what Irving has so incomparably done for all time? In plan, mate-

rial, construction and decoration all these Moorish palaces greatly resemble each other, and none is to be taken seriously without adequate preparation, which in itself is a liberal education. Seville has faithfully restored to the last detail the courts, halls, audience and banquet rooms of this beautiful edifice, stucco rather than the Oriental marble, a perfect example of Moorish architecture, and polices and preserves it with scrupulous care, setting many American cities an excellent example against the time, which may never come, when they, too, will possess antiquities of equal value and interest.

But though Seville has a past and lives in it, pulling its shades not down but directly and completely across its principal streets, at the second or third story, from 1 to 3:30 o'clock every afternoon, that its siesta may not be disturbed, it must not be inferred that it is a sleepy city. It claims 450,000, and is growing rapidly, as its outskirts show, every year, and is already far advanced in preparations for its Spanish-American celebration in 1927 of the tercentennial of its founding as an independent Spanish municipality.

AMERICA AT COURT OF NATIONS.

All the American nations, more than a score of them, West Indian, Central and South American, will be represented in its great court of nations, now under cover and partially completed; its new 600-room Hotel Alfonso XIII, is looking for a lessee, who might be an American, knowing how to keep one and wanting to make money. Steamships twice the size of the 8,000-tonners which now come up the Guadalquivir, fifty-two miles from the Atlantic, to its docks, will land their American tourists directly on its piers and at the foot of its principal streets. Evidently Spain is taking a leaf out of London's Wembley, and though the delay transfers the Press Congress of the world to Paris, next year, it will be worth it to show the nations of Europe and all mankind that blood is thicker than water, and that Spain has a future which may be not less glorious than her past.

Antonio, 94, though from the pace it was an even thing whether that was the age of driver or of horse, brought us, in his "one-hoss shay," to the station and we resignedly began the five-hour, sixty-mile return journey to Cadiz, crediting ourselves with a well-spent day.

H. L. B.

WITH THE NEWPORT CADETS ON THEIR VISIT TO HUELVA

Warm Reception Given New Yorkers at Spanish Port From Which Columbus Sailed More Than Four Hundred Years Ago—Inspect Historic Convent, La Rabida—A Suggestion for Brooklyn K. of C.

X.

(Special Correspondence of The Standard Union.)

HUELVA, Spain, Aug. 24, 1924.—The Newport untangled her anchors at Cadiz by noon, yesterday, and dropped one of them in this port, whence Columbus sailed on that August morning more than four centuries ago, just as the sun was plunging beyond the far western horizon into the Atlantic.

To see the sun set in the Atlantic is as new an experience to most Americans as to see it rise from anything else. To stand here on the waters of Columbus, and grasp something of the wonder and mystery that were filling his heart and eyes, could not but stir the dullest soul. We had come up on a northwest-by-north course, sixty miles or so from Cadiz, on the chord of an arc of high, precipitous cliffs, backed at intervals by glimpses of higher lands, distant in the August haze, which had gradually fallen away to rounded hills and then to long ranges of sand dunes, giving the Rockaways and "old Long Island's seagirt shores" points in their wildest and most unformed days.

When Huelva light, a white, lofty tower over one hundred feet high, made out the Newport, the Spanish flag was sent up, to be gracefully dipped in welcome and acknowledged as we came abeam, and all along from that point to our anchorage the fishing villages, summer cottages and customs officials waved and shouted greetings. For the Newport was the first public American vessel, naval or other, to enter the harbor, while tramps and freighters pay more attention to business than to flags and international compliments.

WHERE NAVIGATION IS A FINE ART.

Navigation of the approaches to the Rio Saltis, which with the Tinto and Odiel together make the interesting harbor, is a fine art; threading sandbars, flats and channels close inshore, suggesting that when Columbus had safely got his three caravels to the open sea and headed westward the worst of his job was over. Towering far into the sky, as we went on, was the slender white Columbus monument, crowning the bold headland overlooking the estuary.

Far in the northwest lay the white buildings, and later the long rows of white lights of Huelva, the modern city of 35,000 on the west side of the Tinto, which has superseded Palos, "a wretched little vil-

lage" when Irving visited it a hundred years ago, began to come into view. La Rabida, the ancient convent, in which the fate of the world was decided, lifted its massive square tower of more than six centuries above the trees that thickly cover the high ridge to the eastward, while the silence and sweetness of the tropical twilight fell swiftly. Capt. Riesenbergs mustered the cadets on the spar deck, and told them briefly of the place and the man, that they might fully understand the opportunities of the morrow, and then everybody turned in, gratified that, so far, we, like Columbus, had found what we came for.

EARLY CALLERS ON THE SCHOOLSHIP.

To-day began early, when you recall that daylight saving in Spain means ninety minutes instead of sixty, as at home. The first caller, Capt. Martinez, a Viscayan and Santiago veteran, in full uniform, came to present the admiral's compliments at 8, bright and early. Huelva had heard only yesterday, by telegraph, that we were due last evening, and was on its toes, so to speak. Hardly had the captain been piped over the side, when the Alcalde and Judge of Palos were greeted and their names enrolled in the visitor's book, and, after the exchange of compliments, they were followed in a few minutes by the Admiral himself, gorgeous in full uniform, cocked hat trimmed with garnet and gold, "a few stripes" and brilliant with clasps and medals. The next launch brought the Alcalde and Council of Huelva, and then the real programme of the day began to move.

No invitation was accepted with more alacrity than theirs to accompany them in their launch to the pier, a half mile away, and to visit La Rabida under their escort. The transfer was made quickly, and we were walking along a wide avenue, lined with stately palms, on an easy grade, for possibly a quarter of a mile or so, when a sharp right angle was turned, and there straight ahead, on the summit, stood the Columbus monument, landmark of yesterday, dedicated thirty-two years ago, on the four hundredth anniversary of the great voyage and greatest discovery. The cylindrical shaft of white marble rises from a solid four-square foundation at its base, ascended by a long flight of steps to a

height of 350 feet above sea level, and is surmounted by an iron skeletonized globe, on which parallels and meridians are visible, and crowned by a Latin cross, also of iron. The effect is dignified, artistic, impressive, and much that is symbolic and pertinent may be read into its simple purity, notable on a continent whose public buildings and outdoor works of art suffer the perpetual defilement of soft coal. Half way up the descent, in the middle of the avenue, stands, girt by iron bands, the stump, twenty or thirty feet high, of a palm, which was there, they say, when Columbus came, and lasted until a hurricane a few years ago.

VIEW OF ANCIENT HARBOR.

A little further on the path turns off sharply to the left and, for pedestrians only, climbs a steep, winding grade, three or four hundred feet further among flowering shrubs and geraniums as tall as a man, and lands the visitor on a clear, wind-swept, gravelled plateau, something like that on Lookout Hill in Prospect Park, and with gray, venerable La Rabida close at hand. Directly in front is a circular, thirty feet or so in diameter, flower garden, in which the good old sunflowers, marigolds, hollycocks and other American favorites bloom luxuriantly and as if they were thoroughly at home. Indeed, for those who can recall the Thames at New London, it should be easy to visualize the ancient harbor as it is to-day. Huelva is the city on the west bank; Palos, withdrawn from view around the bend of a small tributary, is Groton on the east, while La Rabida looks out to the sea as Fort Griswold would if it were a good deal higher.

President Colombo, editor and proprietor of the *Huelva Spanish-American* monthly, "La Rabida," graciously received the visitors and at once made them cordially welcome. Senor Colombo is president of the *Sociedad Columbian Overbook*, which has a similar organization in Portugal, and devotes itself with enthusiasm and efficiency to promoting wider and better knowledge, particularly among the South American nations and the mother countries, of the Columbian voyages, and the early history of the nations out of which they came.

BUILT IN TWELFTH CENTURY.

La Rabida was built in the twelfth century, on the site and ruins of a Moorish mosque, to commemorate the virtues and powers of a holy man who had checked the plague, which was ravaging the animals of the country, and derives its importance in the Columbus cult and the world's history from the fact that at its door Columbus, travelling on foot in one of those down-and-out journeys, begged food for his starving boy, Diego, afterward to succeed him as Admiral and Governor-General of New Spain; and it was in one of its rooms, shown to us to-day, that Father Juan Perez yielded to the explorer's last appeal, and, good as his word, promptly set off for that memorable interview with Queen Isabella, in which she promised to see the thing through and backed it with her jewels, probably one of the narrowest and at the same time one of the

most stupendous turning points in the world's history, and endowing it with interest and romance which it will never lose.

La Rabida makes no architectural pretensions, it may be of stone or brick, either or both, the stucco which covers its walls has yellowed and mellowed under the centuries, so that its tones harmonize and accord with the brilliant sunlight which beats upon it and the dense foliage which surrounds it. It may be four square, but probably is not; nor are its towers and exterior decorations noticeable. It stands solid, as though conscious of age and importance, disdaining effects and architectural styles, grave and dignified, a witness and guardian of the eternal truth, an effect rather than a cause, a monument rather than an achievement.

LIBRARY OF COLUMBIANA.

President Colombo escorted the company to the room, occupied as official headquarters of the Columbian Society, where the names were all signed in the official register, restored from old material exactly as in Columbus' day; showed the library of Columbiana, maps, archives, charts, documents, books and pamphlets, and next the hall where are gathered the flags of each of the score of nations, West Indian, Central and South America, out of which the discovery of Columbus has been carved, and then Father Superior took the party in hand.

The chapel, behind whose altar stand the identical images which Columbus worshipped, of the Crucifixion, and whose walls are evidently of Moorish origin; the little room, 10 by 15, opening on the garden in which Father Jerez and the impecunious adventurer decided the great question; the beautiful patio or interior court, with palms and flowers; the mural paintings were all rapidly shown and hurriedly explained when the good father, mindful of the physical, not less than the spiritual, led the way to the buffet luncheon in a corridor of one of the upper floors and looking down upon the interior court. To say that repast was welcome, generous and just what such an affair should be but states the literal fact, and if Americans or Brooklynites want to learn how to do this thing well, La Rabida can teach them.

At a reasonable point in the service, and as it proved long before it was finished, the Alcalde of Huelva, courtly and speaking English well when he cares to, welcomed the visitors in a dignified, commendably brief address, to which Capt. Riesenbergs responded in appreciative, well-chosen words of gratitude and recognition, coupling with effect a toast to the Spanish sailors, Columbus, the Pinzons, Balboa and Magellan, discoverers who had changed the face and fate of the globe. It may be pertinent to remark for the benefit of the Mayor of New York that the Mayor of Huelva sported on this occasion a new variety of official insignia, new at least to his guests. Mayor Davis of Gravesend had paid us his official respects in a gorgeous, flaming red velvet cloak, trimmed with fur and decorated with medals and chains, a most impressive and imposing spectacle, but the Spanish Alcalde did the

honors in a morning business suit, wearing as a belt a six-inch wide girdle on the front of which, in the exact centre, was emblazoned in blue and gold the arms of the city. Wouldn't New York's windmills look well on Mayor Hylan? What?

END OF A PERFECT DAY.

After the Mayor the Admiral and after the Admiral the portly brown-cassocked Padre, and seeing him gesticulating with his right hand in air, protesting amity and friendship for America while in the other he held his remaining half glass of sherry, one didn't need to understand Spanish to wonder whether he included Volstead and the Eighteenth Amendment. Nor a little later, when President Colombo, accepting Capt. Riesenbergs invitation to visit the Newport, asked with a tinge of sarcasm whether wine could be brought on board.

As the King of France with forty thousand men marched up the hill and then marched down again, so did we with forty. The cadets, in two battal-

ions, visited La Rabida this afternoon, while some of the others swam in the Tinto, waters of Columbus, and everybody turned in, voting it the end of a perfect day.

To-morrow at noon we go out on the flood tide for Madeira, Teneriffe, Glen Cove and points west. Before and lest we forget, why might not the Brooklyn Knights of Columbus well get busy and in their new \$2,500,000 Prospect Park Plaza Clubhouse include a few genuine stones of La Rabida or a section of the tiled floor of the room in which the great enterprise was made more than a dream, or, possibly and better, reproduce in exterior or interior, as a wing or annex, La Rabida itself, and "come across" with a generous contribution for the completion of the Columbus monument? The Standard Union, I am sure, would gladly undertake any commission of this sort with which it might be entrusted.

H. L. B.

ALONG TRACK OF COLUMBUS WITH THE NEWPORT CADETS; NOTES OF MADEIRA VISIT

The following from the pen of the late Herbert L. Bridgman, Regent of the University of the State of New York, and Business Manager of The Standard Union, is one of the two letters found among his effects on the New York Schoolship Newport, aboard which Mr. Bridgman died on the return voyage of the annual European cruise of the cadets. The letter bore no date, but apparently it was written off Funchal, Madeira, the early part of September.

XI.

Coming down this Palos-Canaries run on the track and laden with the lore and legends of Columbus, it was only natural and becoming that, though the Newport's voyage is less likely to be memorable and historic, she should attempt to follow the great navigator's example: i. e., do it by sail. Another indocument which he lacked—money—might thereby be saved the State of New York, though when the experts have carefully balanced the accounts of wind, coal and food, it wouldn't be surprising if what was conserved in the bunkers was expended in "grub"—that is to say, that all the 94 cadets have healthy appetites and to feed and "find" them any longer than is necessary is a moderately expensive luxury.

However, from Monday noon until Thursday afternoon, when the blue outlines of Madeira came into view through the southwestern haze, isn't so very long and a good deal of sail drill en route fully justified the expenditure of time to make the 500 or so miles through which we might have steamed all the way. What we say, however, was really the reverse of the picture, for Madeira presents its "stern and rock-bound coast" to comers from the North, and to make Funchal it was necessary to jog along all night, past lonely "deserters," so named because they are deserts, that we might creep up to our anchorage in the open, deep water roadstead, which they call the harbor of Funchal, at sunrise.

PART OF PORTUGAL TERRITORY.

If the nation which has no history is happy, Madeira, with its past wrapped in obscurity and no modern authority on it existent, must be one of the Ullerrea Isles, and it is worth while to disturb its repose only to say that it may be visualized as a kidney-shaped piece of Portugal thirty miles east and west by about twelve the other way, its convexity toward the south, in a small bight or indentation of which sleeps Funchal, the capital, a town of thirty thousand. The island is so obviously volcanic, great jagged cloud-wreathed cones piercing the sky, that one is reminded instantly of Hawaii, and the notion that Atlantis ever sank as deep any-

where in this neighborhood seems to lack any semblance of probability.

Considering that these bare brown peaks in the interior are 4,500 or more feet high, far above the line of vegetation, and that all the rain, which is almost continually falling in the wet season, has only five or six miles to find its level in the sea, the deep gullies which scar and score their flanks and the rocky boulder-strewn water courses, which are everywhere visible, several cutting straight through the city, bridged, but wide open to the sky, are easily explained. Trails practicable only on foot or for pack animals, traverse the island, looping over its peaks and threading its valleys and gorges, but apart from scattered fishing villages, tucked in around the coast, where nature permits difficult foothold, and sea, not land, yields substance.

A HOME-LOVING PEOPLE.

Funchal is Madeira, and contains by far the greater part of its plodding, home-loving and apparently contented people. Dwellers they are in a land flowing with milk, a little honey, wine and the grapes, flowers and almost every variety of tropical and temperate zone fruit, gaining by the change in elevation above the sea climatic effects which other regions can effect only by change of latitude.

A trim, beautiful, white yacht lay asleep on the unruffled harbor as in the gray dawn we crept slowly to our anchorage. We were now neighbors, but not quite near enough, and when, at colors, the Italian ensign and the Royal Italian Yacht Club burgee were broken out, there was no longer doubt, and we counted it distinct and exceptionally good fortune that we should be within easy hail, almost alongside, the Marconi Elettra. As all the world knows, the great electrician, the value of whose work is incalculable, is a thorough cosmopolitan, almost as well known in New York as in London, in America as in Italy, and that cordial relations between the two ships should be established was inevitable.

Senator Marconi came first on board the Newport late in the afternoon, and our bugle sounded "colors" and the flag fluttered to the deck. "And ours came down at the same moment," with an expression of

satisfaction, inspired much more than a mere statement of a casual coincidence. Those who spoke with the distinguished visitor saw a slender, rather tall, courtly gentleman, who, so far as exterior appearance and bearing were concerned, might have been a lawyer, teacher, banker, or a combination of all. Modest, sincere and unaffected, speaking English perfectly, of quiet, almost reserved bearing, and speaking in most casual references only of himself and his great work. The call was not protracted to small talk and personal gossip—they don't do things that way in foreign circles—but it was long enough for offer and acceptance of an invitation to dine on board the Eletttra on the following evening.

ON BOARD MARCONI'S YACHT.

The Marconi yacht proved as beautiful within as graceful without, a saloon aft, decorated and furnished in perfect taste and for comfort rather than show, with piano and portraits of King Humbert and members of the Royal family; midships a spacious dining room, occupying the entire width of the ship, and forward the most complete and costly electrical laboratory in the world, in which experimental and research work is constantly carried on.

"Don't get too near," remarked Lieut. Matthieu, the electrical assistant. "This is a high voltage."

And turning and reading on a dial, "18,000 volts," no second warning was necessary.

On a table stood a machine apparently duplicate of that in the Manchester "Guardian's" London office, an American invention too, receiving press news reports at the rate of 100 words per minute, all in typewritten, perfectly legible form, a sample page of which, autographed by Signor Marconi as evidence of good faith, not necessarily for publication, will soon be placed framed on the walls of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce.

Next day the Newport's cadets went almost en masse in response to Mr. Marconi's generous invitation to the laboratory of the Eletttra, and listened to a personal explanation and demonstration by the master of the work, which he has in hand, the investigation of the possibilities of short wave lengths of the electric current in wireless communication. The field and subject are far too technical for this time and place, but it is enough for the purpose to say that the experiments have in sight, with every prospect of early and complete success, vastly greater efficiency and at greatly reduced cost.

SENDS SIGNALS 12,000 MILES.

"We are sending messages to London all the time and receiving answers in ten minutes," said Marconi, and to an exclamation of surprise, that this could be done across an interval of 1,300 miles, continued: "We are after exchanging signals with Australia, 12,000 miles distant."

The Marconi investigations, in addition to short wave lengths, are taking up the laws of the electrical bearers so that they may be definitely known and understood and their limits be plotted exactly. As

it is now, he explained, points of equal distance from the sending station, if between certain radii, give perfect response, while others of far less distance give none, indicating that there must be some definite law, of which we know nothing certainly, by which the path, or so to speak, the effective width of the electrical waves which spread out like the rays of a fan, may be ascertained and definitely fixed.

To say that the Newport boys were charmed and delighted with what they saw and heard in the Eletttra laboratory is to put it mildly. It was the opportunity of a lifetime and following so soon the Columbus Day at Palos, seemed to realize again that extremes meet, and to put the misty past and the possible future in close touch or in sharp contrast as you look at it. Marconi and his captain, the Eletttra's navigator, and Lieut. Matthieu, his expert associate, were guests the next evening on the Newport and impressions of former meetings were emphasized of a man intensely in earnest, practical and at the same time enthusiastic, and being led by nature and its mysteries with equal zest and always looking and going forward to greater things.

MARCONI TO VISIT BROOKLYN.

The shadow of weariness, the trace of fatigue, which occasionally passed, told how earnest and at the same time exhausting is the work to which the master of Eletttra devotes pretty much all of his time day and night, and it was with more than ordinary satisfaction that his message of good-bye and good will, for he left Funchal at dawn for Cadiz the next morning, were received. Signor Marconi now expects to be in New York some time during November, and among the "dates" already made for his visit is one to inspect the Brooklyn Edison Company's big new Hudson avenue power house and turbo-generators.

Far up on the lofty ridge which dominates Funchal from the northeast gleam over the masses of green foliage the two white Moorish domes of Santa Maria de la Monte, and about them centres dramatic historic interest. In a chapel of the ancient church looking down on harbor and town, for more than two and a half centuries, repose the remains of the royal exile, the Archduke Charles of Austria, last for a while, at least, of the Hapsburgs. They say that the resting place is but temporary, a sojourn in death as in life, from loyal sons and daughters of Portugal, for the Archduchess Princess Zita is of Portuguese descent, but who knows?

Santa Maria may be reached by the rack and pinion railway which runs two or three slow high-priced trains a day from a little station, on a corner of the miniature park at the foot of its slope, to the Mont Palace Hotel on the summit, whither Admiral Peary led a happy party one Sunday years ago, by automobile or on foot.

HAIRPIN CURVES GIVE THRILL.

The second, if you have nerve, of which it takes a good deal, and cash, of which not so much, is

preferable. To begin with, the machine is a monster. All Funchal cars are mostly of foreign make and real hill climbers. Hairpin curves make up most of the distance, and as you swing around one on the outer edge, looking down, with no wall railing or embankment to intercept the view of the spectator, if he happened to go over on the Newport and Elettra, growing finer and beautifully less in the harbor far below; coast down the grades to the inner circles which cross the gorges, nearer their heads and shoot at forty or fifty miles an hour along the nearly level grades which connect these turning points, you hold your breath and wonder whether this slow town ever heard of a speed limit or a "traffic cop?"

The White Mountain stage driver's answer to "Where would we go, should the harness break?"—"That madam, depends entirely on the sort of life you have led"—comes unbidden to mind.

Santa Maria is at the top of a flight of stone steps, wider and more than twice as high as those of the Brooklyn Borough Hall, so that when the machine stops at its foot, the visitor still has a rather breathless climb of his own. Crippled, wrinkled beggars, stretch their palms and the inevitable custodian does not wait to be asked to open the door and bid you enter. The royal coffin, white and gold, lies at the head of a small chapel on the left of the centre aisle and without grill work or other substantial protection is approached by a flight of two or three steps on which the ever faithful are almost constantly kneeling and praying. Flags and mourning emblems are rather conspicuous by their absence.

SYMPATHY AND KINDLY FEELING SURVIVE.

The colors of the flag of the once dual empire drape the wall near the head of the coffin, and many broad ribbons and streamers, inscribed with messages of affection and loyalty, are displayed in rather simple, artistic grouping on the walls. Every Saturday a Madeiran association of friends and mourners deck the chapel with fresh flowers and on Sundays the common people, worshipping at Santa Maria, in ways give evidence that the sympathy and kindly feeling which gave the Archduke refuge in life survives, and will long follow the widowed Zita and eight orphans, now residing in retirement in Italy. If one were minded to point a moral and adorn a tale, a better place could hardly be found in all time or in all the world than before this white, silent casket, with its single taper constantly burning. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," isn't it as true now as ever?

Azoreans, and there are a number in Madeira, are interested and gratified at the presence in Funchal of Lieut. Commander John H. Boesch, Naval Reserve, of Bayonne, N. J., since it reminds them of an incident in the World War, which they have not forgotten, nor ever will forget, though it somehow was never fully understood or appreciated at home. Porta Delgada, however, principal port of Portuguese group, has recognized the exploit by public

celebrations, with honors and ceremonies and by naming a street and public square in honor of the American commander, who saved it from surrender, if not from destruction as well. Very soon after the American entrance into the war, a German submarine, which had been hanging around "the Western Islands" for some time, came up to Porta Delgada and demanded the surrender of the city. Refusal was followed by short bombardment, merely as intimation of what might be expected, though it was long enough to kill a woman and do considerable damage to property.

HONORS FOR COMMANDER BOESCH.

Fortunately for the helpless town, just at this juncture the American naval collier *Orio*, with Commander Boesch in command, came into the scene and, without waiting for discussion or formalities, a few well-directed shots from her guns sent the German out and under the sea, from which she never returned to trouble Porta Delgada, thenceforward a naval base for the South Atlantic and most valuable port of supply and support for allied fleets operating in European waters.

A well-defined rumor persists aboard the *Newport* that the Portuguese Government awarded its highly distinguished order of the Tower and the Sword to the captain of the American collier for his plucky and characteristic defense of its Atlantic outpost, but that somehow by diplomatic circumlocation and naval complications in time of war it never actually got across. It would seem timely and becoming for some of Commander Boesch's many service friends to remind both governments that "it's never too late to mend," and obtain proper acknowledgment for an act which had far more important consequences in the successful outcome of the war and curbing the submarine base than merely protecting an undefended town from capture and a strategic post from destruction.

Sleepy, quaint old Funchal might well detain the *Newport* and her cadets a good while longer with satisfaction, for the boys are easy marks for the local curiosity shops and tourist trader. One leaves this fair and rugged isle freighted with pleasant memories, of which one of the most lasting will be of a luncheon at "Pal Heiro," the Blandy summer home on a lofty headland, though there is much higher ground beyond, commanding a far ranging view, east and south, to the open ocean, in Arcadia, half an hour from town, up another series of those circling, hairpin, hair-raising curves, which make the trip either way a continuous performance of thrill.

WONDERFUL BOWER OF BEAUTY.

Here in a wonderful bower of beauty, the mansion circled by groves of evergreen, in which are a great deodor of Kipling scenes, the pines and balsams of the north and the luxuriant green of the tropics, while in the gardens bloom almost every variety of flowers of both zones. Tennis court and swimming pools are on the grounds. An English

banker and business man of long lineage and honorable record, who with a gracious American wife, daughter of the late Admiral Reeder possesses an ideal home of undefined charm and natural beauty. Four times Miss Reeder accompanied her father, then commanding the old St. Mary's, predecessor of the Newport, on her annual cruise to Madeira, but that is another story.

We are off in an hour for Santa Cruz de Tenerife, in the Canaries, the gallows frame is hung with cages in which are from one to seven birds apiece and midships looks like another "bird cage walk," once so famous in London. What destination could be more obviously appropriate?

H. L. B.

VIEWING TENERIFFE'S PEAK WITH THE NEWPORT CADETS; SCENE OF NELSON'S DEFEAT

The following, from the pen of the late Herbert L. Bridgman, Regent of the University of the State of New York, and business manager of the Standard Union, is the last of the two letters found among his effects on the Schoolship Newport, aboard which Mr. Bridgman died on the return voyage of the annual European cruise of the Cadets.

XII.

"The Captain's compliments, Sir, and we have now a fine view of the Peak," was all that was needed to turn out a sleepy Newporter in record time. From the deck, it stood up straight, shapely and clearly outlined against the brilliant blue thirty-five air line miles away, a pyramid in the sky, one of the most perfect exhibitions of its kind.

Far as every experience shows, and every traveler knows, mountain peaks are capricious. Apparently of the eternal hills, and forever fixed in place, clouds and winds make playthings of them, and many a sea wayfarer on these Atlantic subtropical waters, has yet to catch his first glimpse of stately, dominant Teneriffe, the White Mountain which gives its name to the entire island. Compared with Everest, our own McKinley or Whitney, Teneriffe's 12,180 feet is not so very wonderful or anything of which to be boastful. It is its position and environment which make it altogether unique and impressive. It would be easy to imagine Washington or Marcy twice as high, but to make the comparison fair you must move them to the sea, elevate them directly from the level, and from the summit permit no land in any direction to be seen. From the top of the peak, completely around the circle, except the small and comparatively insignificant Canaries, some uninhabited, no land can be seen, and only "ocean's gray and melancholy waste" on all sides bounds the horizon.

MOUNTAIN STILL VOLCANIC.

In the bright light of that early morning the fortunate vision, proportions, silence, distance, grandeur, all commingled in one harmonious effect which will never be forgotten. Words and colors would each fail in description, for the cloudless, brilliant transparency of the sunlight, and the effect of comparison far beyond and at the same time far above the interesting ranges, could only be achieved by the actual observer. Like a reddish brown pyramid, color fading almost to white at the exact peak, the clearly white spot on the eastern flank, rock on which the sun blazed and not snow, as might have been supposed, delicate play of lights and shadows as position of ship and sun changed, suggestion that the mass of which only the summit was visible, and

which was later verified, must be a mighty bulk, then impressions, and others like them, were transferred from the retina to memory as the Newport crept to her anchorage. Teneriffe, volcanic in origin, has not yet gone out of business. Fifteen years ago lava flowed out of an eruption three-fourths of the way up its eastern flank, and looking to its remote majesty, piercing the sky, it is easy to believe that the ancient Mauretanians, seventy-five miles distant on the shores of Africa, saw its fires lighting their western skies.

Santa Cruz, capital, much to the displeasure and rivalry of Las Palmas on Grand Canary of the Province of the Canaries, might be readily dismissed as an "also ran." In other words, description of any one of these Azorean, Madeiran or Canarian towns, will serve for all the others.

FALSE NOTE TO OLD SONG.

"'Twas off the blue Canary isles," runs the old college song, but the Canaries and the rest of them are not blue. Water about them is deepest and sky above most brilliant blue, but the islands themselves are a dirty, dusty, reddish brown or volcanic basalt, and thinly veiled with verdure which may become grass or other crop, or the small timber and brush which fight for life on the arid higher slopes. A Hudson River commuter might visualize almost any of these islands political or commercial capitals by imagining one of his familiar towns, Tarrytown, Nyack, Newburg, set at the sea level in the centre of a great semi-circular or, it might be, elliptical bowl or stadium, ten or fifteen miles in diameter, whose outer rim is raised up to two thousand feet or so against the sky, with higher peaks, usually fog-covered, fringing the upper outlook, the front gashed at right angles by three or four steep, rocky ravines, torrents in the rainy storms, nearly dry at others, down which waters course swiftly and wastefully to the sea, and sprinkled liberally all over the landscape, the cream stucco, red tiled residences, some half concealed by foliage, others boldly dominating and asserting themselves almost obtrusively on the slope.

Seen from below, not much but walls and terraces are visible, and the rumored productivity of the is-

lands sounds like a fable. From any considerable elevation, however, the view reverses the conclusion, and terraced plots, checkerboarded into the hillsides and steep slopes on which foothold seems almost impossible, reveal vineyards, cornfields, banana plantations, potato and tomato fields, all in luxuriant and profitable growth, the certainty of crops being assured by the reservoirs, wisely located by competent engineers and carefully handled so that the irrigation is practically never failing.

SCENE OF NELSON'S ONLY DEFEAT.

But, though Santa Cruz is like its neighbors in many things, it has others particularly its own and to which it points with unfailing pride. Whether Columbus took, as his last view of the old world and the kingdom of Spain, the Peak of Teneriffe depends on the condition of the weather on that memorable 9th day of September. He might have, had conditions been favorable, but it is certain that three hundred years later the great Nelson, England's pride and boast, met his only defeat and lost his right arm in these very waters in which the Newport lies so peacefully. You may read all about it in the histories. Naturally, the incident is not played up with so much enthusiasm as the Nile and Trafalgar, which came later. Santa Cruz, however, never forgets it nor will permit citizens and visitors to ignore it.

"Place du Sinciems Juilled," otherwise the place of the ducks which play in the pool of its fountain in its cool and shaded centre, marks not so much the hospitable home of the American Consul facing it, as the repulse of Nelson and the British naval assault on that day, and if you visit the museum they will show you, with no reluctance or visible sign of regret, "the tiger," the long Tom carronade, which fired the shot that put him out of business and saved the day for the Spaniards. Spanish and British colors drape the case containing the venerated gun, but if you want to see those captured from the repelled invaders you are pointed to ten dimly lighted caves for up near the cornice of a chapel in the Cathedral of La Concepcion, placed safely out of reach of a second recapture by a party of daring British midshipmen, whom diplomacy afterward compelled to surrender the prizes and restore the trophies to the rightful owners.

DINNER AT LA LAGUNA.

"Suppose we dine at La Laguna," said our host and it only required the lapse of a few hours and an American automobile to transform the suggestion into the fact. La Laguna, five miles away and almost a mile above Saratoga, Long Island, Jersey or the Sound Shore, temporary or permanent residence as convenience or circumstance may dictate. The city, as its name indicates, occupies, the geologists say, the site of ancient waters, and surveys for miles around in all directions a generally rolling, intensely cultivated country, reminding of Iowa or Nebraska prairies, while far to the north, Point Amagu, first

to be sighted by the mariner, rears its lofty head, and on the south the great White Mountain stands eternal sentinel. The climb from sea to summit is like that of Madeira, only that the gradients are less, the tangents longer, and the roadway often blinded by dust. On the way you'll meet the Languria flower girls coming down with floral freight borne in trays on their shapely erect heads, to sleep on the pavements of Santa Cruz, until soon after sunrise the market opens and business begins. And the other morning as we came along—"Notice that woman," said he, pointing to one footing it along the dusty road, carrying on her head, erect, untouched and perfectly balanced, a flat table top, three feet or so by four, on which stood several small, badly battered milk cans. "That's one of the milk girls. She has probably walked ten miles or more this morning, and after serving her customers or selling out, will go home on the trolley."

REFUSE TO PAY TAXES ON WATER.

"What's the price of milk here unsealed and uncertified?" was asked.

"About thirteen cents a quart," after a pause and mental figuring to change Spanish measures and money to American.

"And is it good milk?"

"No," was the answer, with much less delay. "Taxes are paid just outside the city limits on all milk coming into town, and the pump is just over the line in the other direction. Why should one pay tax on water?"

You'll also pass a vine-covered two-story storehouse, in which you'll be told Capt. James Cook slept before he went on that circumnavigation from which he never returned, because he got what was coming to him in Hawaii, and if you'd been earlier in the day you'd have seen plenty of good Canarian lads playing "soccer" football which, bull fighting having been suspended since the burning of the stadium last winter, has caught on like wildfire and is still going strong. Swiftly threading Laguna's straight, narrow, generally level streets, we pull up before a modest "English Hotel" on one side of its twenty-four-inch square sign at right angles to the street, and "Hotel Inglese" on the other, enter, arrange for dinner, which will be at the regular 9 P. M., and go for a stroll through the ancient city, in which probably the three of us were the only Americans and a majority of the English speaking population. In the first residential street into which we turned, "Notice the window and balcony," said our guide and host, and his explanation of the Romeo and Juliet architecture was hardly necessary. Not two minutes later as we strolled along, "And there's one of them now," continued he, and as coming up with a "hope I don't intrude" assumed indifference, we had a good chance to study at close range the real thing. A comely, slender, straw-hatted and rather no-account young chap as to outward looks and bearing, leaning awkwardly on a cane and gazing absently-minded from the middle of the street to a

second story above the window over the way, where half withdrawn sat a woman whose features were indistinguishable in the twilight, was certainly a picture rather commonplace than dramatic or romantic, and a situation apparently accepted as such by the persons most concerned. As a show, there was absolutely nothing doing, and though we were told that these courtships run on from ten to fifteen years before the would-be son-in-law is permitted to enter the house and claim his bride, lovelorn swains sometimes proving their devotion by exposure to all kinds of weather, there seems no good reason why the custom should not gradually die out in the colony as it has already in the mother country. After definite relations have been established and the young man is accepted as a "steady," the couple may meet at balls and public assemblies, but each must dance only with the other.

Laguna has, of course, its cathedral on whose bells, lofty and melodious, its clock strikes the hour; religious, as once secular capital of Teneriffe, it still retains the bishop's seat and palace of much architectural beauty, but its chief attraction to the Newporters, officers and cadets, was the University of San Fernando, to which we were welcomed by the courtly civil governor of the province, the faultlessly dressed Mayor and the eager, enthusiastic dean of its faculty.

An old monastery reconditioned and thoroughly reconstructed, set in grounds riotous with flowers, plants and shrubs which bloom the whole twelve months around, and enclosing a patio or court in which the display is, if anything, even more lavish, no wonder that nearly a thousand students are already enrolled and the promise of the future is bright. First to be entered on the ground floor, level with the court, was a general public audience room for graduation and similar exercises. The smallness of the hall, it would not seat over two or three hundred, and the richness of its appointments and decorations, in which red and gold were the dominant notes, and the merit and variety of the paintings and works of art adorning its walls, were the features which most impressed the visitors. One entire wall was occupied by a spirited fresco, depicting the repulse of the British at Santa Cruz in 1797. Nelson wounded, in full uniform, being the central and most conspicuous figure in the center of a scene of which the distance and background are the deck, in all the smoke and horror of battle.

LIBRARY OF 35,000 VOLUMES.

A fine likeness of the Emperor Ferdinand, grandfather of King Alfonso XIII., founder and patron of the university, is among the notable portraits. Most surprising of all, however, was the library of 35,000 volumes, no catalogue except in manuscript, mainly, of course, in Spanish, though with occasionally rare and valuable works in English, as for example, William Pinkerton's twenty-four volume edition of "Travels and Exploration of the World,"

and when they invite you to examine a sixteenth century atlas, and you notice that the preface is signed Mercator, you wish you could stay longer, and leave with very sensibly increased respect for this Canary University, so remote from those which we are accustomed to consider as about all that amount to much. Class rooms, equipment, mechanical and scientific, the museum and gymnasium, were all exhibited and explained. Officers and cadets inscribed their names in the visitors' book in the office of the president, and the visitors were sent on their way with fragrant flowers and hearty godspeeds.

For we were bound to Tacoronte, which you will probably not find on any map, seven miles to the westward, on the brow of the slope which descends rapidly to the sea and looks far out to the westward. As a starting point for the two-hour, ten-mile hike of the day under a magnificence of fragrant eucalyptus, that tropical evergreen which gathers moisture from the air and sprinkles the roads with it, the cars sped rapidly along through a rich farming country, terraced hills and thatched cottages, the great Peak, revealing its perfect proportions with every mile, sloping downward like a great pyramid, until turning a sharp right angle and pitching down a steep grade we parked the cars under leafy sycamores in front of the little old church of Tacoronte.

WATCH SOLDIERS EMBARK.

Appointing the old man of the sea commander-in-chief of the cars, Capt. Riesenberg and the cadets returned after more than two hours to find him ensconced with a good book in a good seat in the leading car, and that, like Carabimen, they had nothing on him. Led by a native lad, part of the return had been over a rocky and difficult trail, but they had seen far below and distant Orotora, the tourist resort, and its beautiful valley, the native lavendaria, or native laundry, with the native women washing clothes and spreading them on the rocks to dry, had inspected another church and were ready for the generous lunch which in great hampers had been brought along from the ship.

That "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin," a vivid reminder of several years at home, has been going on all morning, and almost under our eyes. All last week soldiers were plenty in Santa Cruz, and this morning, from a fine, trim steamship just opposite the harbor, flew the broad white pennant inscribed "Rey Jaime II," while beyond on the mole wall, though kept back by guards some distance astern of the ship, could be seen the people massed by thousands, mostly, as the glasses revealed, women and children. Every point of vantage was occupied, and on the forestay of a tramp lying to short distance astern, but commanding a view of the decks of the Jaime, a bunch of youngsters had "shinnied" up and stuck on like beads on a string. Before long, the soldiers began to come aboard, and as they were coming across to the port

side, filed in single column past the deckhouse, going forward.

PROCESSION OF HOSPITAL CORPS.

"What are those long poles which they carry in their hands?" said a Newport officer, as he took his binoculars from his eyes. "They can't be lances."

"That must be the hospital corps and those are the supports for the stretchers for the killed and wounded," said the other, speaking the truth. And a gruesome sight it was as that long, patient file drew its slow length along. And when an hour later, as the great throng of women and children, many crying and sobbing, here and there a gayer group, came thronging up the great Place of the

Constitution at the parting from this battalion of striplings, who wouldn't last a minute before our American doughboys, going over to fight Moroccan rebels, and many of whom will never return, and they know it, one doesn't wonder that Spain is beginning to count whether the game is worth the candle and that the fate of the ministry and future of the nation may depend on that of the lads whose last farewells were said this morning.

Again extremes meet. Our anchor is hove short, the pilot is on the bridge, and while Santa Cruz looks sadly eastward the Newport turns her bow gladly westward and homeward.

H. L. B.

CAPT. RIESENBERG WRITES REMINISCENCES OF CRUISE WITH HERBERT L. BRIDGMAN

The following notes on the recent cruise of the New York schoolship in European waters, on which the cadets were accompanied by Dr. Herbert L. Bridgman, Regent of the University of New York and business manager of The Standard Union, were written by Capt. Felix Riesenbergh, commander of the Newport. The sketch is a personal appreciation of twelve weeks of companionship at sea and in foreign ports with the educator, explorer and Brooklyn business man, who died suddenly on shipboard Sept. 24 as the Newport was nearing Bermuda on the voyage homeward.—Editor Brooklyn Standard Union.

By CAPT. FELIX RIESENBERG

**Commander N. Y. State Scholarship
Newport**

"Whenever I have been away for a long period expected changes and events have been overshadowed by unexpected happenings."

We were sitting on the quarterdeck of the Newport; a full moon beamed on us and the steady trade wind filled our sails. Over the side sounded the ripple of running water curving away from the cleaving bow. Boys were at the wheel, moving a spoke now and then to hold the vessel true, and the watch forward were clustered about the fiddley. It was delightfully mild and fresh, the night air seemed to caress the ship, to smooth away doubt. Dr. Bridgman usually retired at nine, but the scene held us. His remark, called forth by some casual conjecture as to happenings back home, brought with it a train of reminiscence, long months spent in Greenland, and of long separations from his beloved Brooklyn while in Africa and other places.

He often spoke of his grandson at Amherst, spoke of him with the restraint of one who would keep in a great love and yet felt the urge to speak, to give expression to the thought always with him, for the ship, with its complement of boys, was a constant reminder of the lad back home. "He was wild, that boy. But I understood him," he said.

Many of these perfect nights blended and blurred in the long succession of days on our passage westward. He seemed in a quiet, happy mood of retrospection. Sometimes he would sit for hours looking over the sea, his mind ranging beyond understanding. Again and again he spoke of the quiet life of his home, of his restful Sundays reading with Mrs. Bridgman, and of their faithful housekeeper, with them for years, and so careful in every detail of the home.

"Now, don't get me talking on this subject," he would say, when some different angle of his many points of contact with affairs would come up in our conversation.

HIS LOVE FOR BROOKLYN.

"Brooklyn is an American city," he once remarked. "And Americans live there as well as work there."

In Madeira he was delighted to find the vice-consul, Mr. Kemp, had been a Brooklynite.

"When somewhat younger I was advised by physicians that my health would suffer if I remained in Brooklyn," Dr. Bridgman said, "in fact, they gave me only a short time to live unless I went to the higher level of Montclair. I moved to New Jersey and after two weeks concluded I would rather die in Brooklyn than live in Montclair, so I returned."

He told this with dry humor. He spoke of events of great moment with the certain knowledge of one who had participated fully in the many national and international crises of our time, but always with a detachment that was refreshing. His grasp of vital problems confronting the world to-day was astonishing.

In London the great conference of premiers was in progress when we called on Baron Moncheur, the Belgian Ambassador. Dr. Bridgman, in a few minutes of conversation, ranged back to past experiences, for they had not met for years, and then, like a flash, in answer to Dr. Bridgman's question, heard words of hope, of settlement. We were invited to luncheon at the St. James Club. An agreement was about to be reached along the avenue made possible by the Dawes commission.

Not a word was said about secrecy. As we went back to Gravesend Dr. Bridgman shook his head.

"I'd like to cable that settlement to our people in Brooklyn," he said.

His sense of news was always keen. His stern integrity carried him into the innermost confidence of

his friends. At that time the whole situation in the public eyes was clouded in gloom.

While in London, I purchased a two-volume set of "Horne's History of Napoleon," and, during a few days of heavy Biscay weather, while laid up, I read with avidity to take my mind from the problems of the ship. Dr. Bridgman, in the meantime, being a seasoned sailor, watched the storm from the deck. The next opportunity for quiet conversation enabled me to turn the drift of talk toward Bonaparte. I suddenly realized that, out of the vast store of his learning, he was brilliantly conversant with the complicated career of Napoleon.

"He will be remembered as a statesman when he is forgotten as a soldier," Dr. Bridgman remarked tersely. He looked at me keenly as our talk drew to a close. I then confessed my sudden access of half-digested history, via the excellent volumes of Horne.

"Read Bourrienne when you get a chance," he remarked dryly, a twinkle in his eye.

TWO OLD HATS, EACH WITH A HISTORY.

One of Dr. Bridgman's duties, and a commission he performed with religious solemnity, was the presentation of letters from the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce to similar commercial bodies in the ports of our cruise. He had the great gift of giving his actions a significance and importance only possible to one who carries the old-fashioned art of courtesy to its highest point. And in all of his travels, in London and Antwerp, especially, he would wear his trusty straw hat, rain or shine. Otherwise he was punctilious in his dress. In his frock coat, with his Belgian order on his breast, he took station with the officers when we received our official visitors in Antwerp.

At Cadiz, he remarked, "My old straw hat is coming back into style."

Dr. Bridgman had another hat, a worthy companion to the straw. This was a battered gray felt with limp brim and used when off soundings at sea. The hat once had a remarkably narrow escape, somewhere in the Pacific.

"I was on deck one windy night, coming home from Honolulu, when this hat was blown from my head," he related. "Next day I bought a cap from the barber for two fifty and then, when I got on the boat deck again I saw my friendly old hat lodged in a ventilator."

"Well?" I remarked, for I scented a story.

"The barber wouldn't give me more than a dollar for that cap when I brought it back."

Those who knew the doctor will appreciate his way of telling it. He never hesitated to tell a joke on himself.

Of Peary, Bartlett, Borup, Marvin and other Arctic friends, he had an endless story of refreshing reminiscence. I more than once urged him to set down his story of the background upon which Peary built up his series of great Arctic journeys.

"I shall have to do it, I must," he said.

But then he had planned work enough for another

lifetime. His name, standing forever on the great cape at the extremity of northeast Greenland, placed there by Peary in honor of his tireless co-worker, was pointed out by me on various occasions when foreign visitors were on board and the fine London "Times" map of the North Polar regions was spread on the cabin table. I always suspected that Dr. Bridgman liked to have me do this. It was the one bit of vanity I was able to uncover in a nature altogether unassuming.

FAITH IN ULTIMATE HUMAN GOODNESS.

He often spoke of the Psi U fraternity and of the fine influence of the Greek letter societies on college life. It seems to me that fraternity life, if justified at all, is made worthy by such loyalty as his. The influence of his early life as a student at Amherst carried with him to the end. With all his keen insight into the folly and wickedness of men, he held an abounding faith in the ultimate human goodness. He had fought many hard fights, striking blows without fear, but his work never left a trace of bitterness. On occasion, if aroused, he could be forceful in expression, damning a thing without hesitation. He had never failed to do his part to uphold right when threatened by wrong. He would take a stand even against popular clamor and carry through.

The many-sided life of Dr. Bridgman came to me in astonishing variety as we talked. At sea, weeks at a time, we held many conferences on the problem of training the boy. He came to be a great believer in the work of our State schoolship, over and over again expressing his satisfaction in having made the cruise. He spoke of the future when the Empire State would have a fine schoolship equal to the Belgian ship *L'Avenir*, which we visited in Antwerp. One day he said suddenly. "Our new ship should have a New York name. I would suggest *Excelsior*."

But his published letters convey his impressions of the ship better than any words of mine. One little point I noticed, and it was characteristic. On coming up from the officers companionway to the spar deck he almost always walked forward among the boys. Groups of boys would form around him in the dog watches, or when, as on a Sunday, we were not busy with work or drills. He was all over the ship, interested in every detail of her management, in every item of her equipment. He attended lectures on navigation, explored the engine room and watched the cooks preparing food in the galley. Whenever boys were aloft he would stand as if fascinated watching them scramble out on the yards. His interest in the cadet paper, "The Binnacle," prepared and printed on board by mimeograph, was that of a lover of newspapers. He intended to have copies of "The Binnacle" deposited in the State Library at Albany.

If his newspaper held first place in his business affections, his directorship in the Brooklyn Edison Company was a close second. Often he would talk of the method by which the board of directors of

that corporation are kept in close touch with their large affairs, their minutes of the previous meeting ready at each place and their business dispatched in rapid order.

His service as a regent brought forth many kindly stories of that august body, for Dr. Bridgman was an educator with the eager heart of an enthusiast. On our arrival in the Thames he was delighted when he found he could communicate with Regents Alexander and Byrne by radio. Both of these gentlemen accepted our invitation, and Dr. Bridgman took a special delight in seeing them piped over the side.

COLORFUL DAYS IN FOREIGN PARTS.

But the tale of twelve weeks of daily contact with a personality that gained in depth with every day is no easy task to set down. Only the merest outline may be conveyed to print. The colorful days in foreign ports, as in the tropic wonder of Madeira, where we lunched with the Blandys at Palheiro, and dined with Marconi on the famous Elettra, stand out amid the shifting impressions and events. When Marconi took us into his laboratory on the yacht, handing us a fresh shoot of news direct from London via the ether, Dr. Bridgman secured his signature on the historic sheet, intending to present it to the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce.

At Teneriffe he rose early, as we approached the island, to see the great peak rising over two miles from the sea. On our last Sunday ashore he accompanied us on a hike, the consul at Teneriffe, Mr. W. P. George, having arranged to take us through a picturesque portion of the island. We rode to La Laguna, inspected the University of San Fernando with its great library of ancient times. The Governor of Teneriffe and the Regent of San Fernando headed a delegation of citizens to meet us. To Dr. Bridgman they paid the deep respect due his years of honors.

We then went on to Tacaronte, where he pretended to be indignant because we insisted he stay with the automobiles while the consul led us for a two and a half-hour-tour of rough and rapid walking far along the coast to the famous well of Sauzal, where washerwomen sing at their work. While there is water in the well the village washes, even on Sunday, after early mass.

"Well, I'll look out for the lunch," he said at last, settling down to enjoy the shade of a dragon tree with a copy of Brown's Guide which he drew from his pocket. He never wasted a moment, it seemed. To him life was a thing to be used faithfully.

On our return he joined us at lunch and when bottles of cool Pilsner were produced, great generous bottles, he laughingly poured out Poland water brought from the ship.

"I'm drinking from a bottle anyhow," he remarked.

When one of the boys started to take a picture of the party I remarked that the regent had better get out of range with so much evidence of empty beer bottles about. He stepped from where he was and stood among the boys when the picture was taken, the beer bottles all about him as big as life.

METHODICAL IN LIFE'S RECORD.

On the day of his coming on board he presented his commission, engrossed on sheepskin, with the seal on it of the State of New York, asking me to note on it the fact of his arrival, and due entry was also made in the ship's log. He said then that he expected to leave the impressive document for his grandson and hoped I would also enter on it the fact of the conclusion of his mission as he wished the record to be complete.

He so conducted every day of his life that each day, and each hour found him with the record thought brought to date and correctly balanced. He was an indefatigable worker; he never allowed his impressions of a place to cool before inditing his letters. During his last days, even the next to the last when he had a slight attack of stomach trouble, he kept remarkably cheerful. He left his berth on Monday night at midnight and went on deck. His remark to Mr. Davidson, the chief engineer, was: "I wanted to prove to myself that I could do it." Then the doctor took him in hand and watched over him until the end. And the end was sudden and without pain. Life departed quietly, leaving his features serene.

The passing of a soul from the earthly clay is a fearful thing, a heart-rending thing to witness, for those left behind. A transcendent spirit seemed to hover over us, but the realization that he was no longer to walk our decks, no longer to greet us in the morning, to yarn with us at night, filled the Newport with the genuine grief that shipmates feel when a brave spirit has gone over the side.

Four bells had struck on deck. I looked at my watch and it was fifteen minutes after six. Our position, pricked off on the chart by Mr. Bicknell, the navigator, was Latitude 29 degrees, 44 minutes North; Longitude 56 degrees, 32 minutes West.

HERBERT L. BRIDGMAN, EDUCATOR AND EXPLORER, DIES ON NEWPORT AT SEA

Herbert L. Bridgman, famous explorer, Regent of the University of the State of New York and business manager of The Standard Union, died Wednesday in mid-Atlantic aboard the State schoolship Newport, according to a radiogram received today from Capt. Felix Riesenbergh, its commander. Although 80 years of age, Mr. Bridgman had been in excellent health up to the moment of his death. His home was at 604 Carlton Avenue. The Newport is expected today at Hamilton, Bermuda, and will hasten for this port, bearing the body of Mr. Bridgman. Details of his funeral will await word from the commander.

It was Mr. Bridgman who made possible the discovery of the North Pole by the late Admiral Peary. As secretary of the Peary Arctic Club, he organized and promoted the voyage of the Roosevelt, which bore the discoverer to the Arctic. Mr. Bridgman had previously served as historian of one and commander of two other Peary auxiliary expeditions.

When, in the summer of 1909, the world was electrified by the news that Admiral Peary had conquered at last and had planted the American flag on the Pole, the first message came to Mr. Bridgman in Brooklyn, at that moment busily engaged in the effort to refute the rival claim of Dr. Cook.

Peary's wire to Brooklyn consisted of one word, "Sun." Mr. Bridgman, with whom this method of signaling the good news had been arranged in advance, called for the representatives of the big press associations and announced to them that Peary had reached the Pole. He was well acquainted with the qualifications of Dr. Cook, who had accompanied him as ship's surgeon on one of the earlier Peary expeditions that Mr. Bridgman commanded.

Mr. Bridgman was an outstanding figure in the affairs of Brooklyn and one of the most noted of world travelers. To an advanced age, he had remained in splendid health, with the physique of an athlete, and his decision to cross the Atlantic with the school boys was typical of his love for voyaging.

The radio message from Capt. Riesenbergh, which came as a totally unexpected shock to Brooklynites, read as follows:

RADIOGRAM

Radio Corporation of America, received at 4 Broad street, New York, Sept. 26, 1924, 1:51 A. M.

Schoolship Newport (NMH)
Standard Union,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Regent Herbert L. Bridgman died six-fifteen

morning, Sept. 24. Lat. 29 degrees, 44 minutes north; lon. 56 degrees 32 minutes west.

Death sudden after slight illness. Was attended by ship's surgeon, Dr. Kelly. Captain and surgeons were present at time of death; result of sudden stroke and hemorrhage. He died without pain.

Regent Bridgman was on deck enjoying fine weather the day before his death. He was in high spirits and spoke of many activities he had in mind on his return. This was his first illness on the cruise. His health seemed good just before his death.

His papers and valuables have been sealed by a Board of Inventory. His body was wrapped in sheets and placed in the refrigerator room. It will be embalmed. A metallic coffin has been ordered.

Regent Bridgman had endeared himself to all on board. A general muster was called at noon after his death. The ship was stopped for ten minutes, ensign and pennant half-masted and a prayer was read.

Then proceeded full speed to Hamilton, Bermuda. Will arrive Friday; leave for New York Saturday. Expect to arrive via Sandy Hook Tuesday. Will radio exact time.

Guard of honor has been placed by the remains since time of death. Cadet guard will be ready to render honors on arrival.

RIESENBERGH.

MR. BRIDGMAN'S CAREER.

Herbert Lawrence Bridgman was born at Amherst, Mass., May 30, 1844. He was the son of Richard Baxter and Mary Nutting Bridgman. He was educated at Amherst College, the Alma Mater of President Coolidge, and throughout his long life he remained in close touch with the town of his birth and the college that educated him. He was one

of the most enthusiastic of Amherst alumni, attending every commencement ceremony and every reunion since his graduation.

The same spirit of energetic loyalty made him one of the best known members of the Psi Upsilon fraternity, to which he was elected as an undergraduate. He had been a member of the executive council of the fraternity since 1877 and its president since 1883. He was a member also of the Phi Beta Kappa and ex-president of the Amherst Association.

On Sept. 7, 1887, Mr. Bridgman married Helen Bartlett, of New York, a gifted writer, by whom he is survived. Other survivors are Raymond L. Bridgman, of Auburndale, Mass.; Mrs. Robert Bridgman, a daughter-in-law; two grandchildren, a brother and five sisters.

ENTERED NEWSPAPER LIFE IN 1864.

Mr. Bridgman had been engaged in newspaper work since 1864. After connections with papers in New York, Washington and Springfield, Mass., he joined the staff of Frank Leslie's Weekly and later of the New York "Press," and in 1889 became business manager of The Standard Union, which position he held up to the time of his death. He was a prominent figure in national journalism. After a term as chairman of the New York Publishers' Association, he became for three terms the president of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association.

Mr. Bridgman was one of the most widely traveled of men. His acquaintanceship covered the globe, and his daily mail kept him in touch with every corner of civilization.

A POLAR ENTHUSIAST.

He was an enthusiast in the cause of polar exploration and for a long time served as secretary of the Peary Arctic Club. The late Admiral Peary was one of his most devoted friends, and he found in Mr. Bridgman an eloquent advocate and tireless cooperator.

Mr. Bridgman was historian of the Peary auxiliary expedition in 1894. Three years later he was assistant to Prof. Libbey in the famous scaling of the Mesa Encantada, in New Mexico. He commanded two more Peary auxiliary expeditions, aboard the Diana in 1899 and the Erik in 1901.

Admiral Peary's first message to the waiting world, following his discovery of the Pole in 1909, was addressed to Mr. Bridgman in Brooklyn. Until the arrival of the explorer himself Mr. Bridgman bore the brunt of refutation of the rival claims of Dr. Cook, and he never hesitated, in the midst of the popular furore over that arch faker, in his belief that this was an effort to cloud the glory of Peary's exploit.

HIS CONVENTIONS AND JOURNEYS.

Mr. Bridgman was a delegate of the United States National Geographical Society, the Peary Arctic Club, the Explorers Club and the Arctic Club to the International Congress for the Study of the Polar

Regions, held at Brussels in 1906. In a similar capacity he attended further international gatherings of explorers at Brussels in 1908 and Rome in 1913.

There were other notable journeys to the Sudan, to Bulgaria, to Hawaii. Mr. Bridgman wrote extensively of his travels and of his impressions of foreign parts. On his journey to Hawaii two years ago he shipped as "freight clerk" aboard the new steamer Haleakala on its maiden voyage.

In 1905 he went up the Nile, through the "Sudd," as far as Gondokoro, stopping on the return voyage at Khartoum, there meeting Sir Reginald Wingate, then Sirdar of the Sudan, who became a lifelong friend.

FOUNDER OF ALPINE CLUB.

Mr. Bridgman was one of the founders of the American Alpine Club. He was a member of the Royal, American, National and Philadelphia Geographical societies and of the Association of American Geographers. Since 1915 he had been president of the department of geography of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences and chairman of its executive committee.

He was also an honorary fellow of the American Museum of Natural History and vice-president of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society. The museums of the metropolitan area all knew and cherished him as an enthusiastic friend.

Mr. Bridgman held the honorary degree of LL.D., bestowed by his alma mater, Amherst, in 1920. Throughout his long and active life he was a big figure in the field of education. For many years he was a lecturer on the staff of the Department of Education in this city. He was a friend and advisor of many of the leaders in city educational circles.

ELECTED STATE REGENT.

In 1917 Mr. Bridgman was elected a member of the Board of Regents of New York State, succeeding the late William Berri, publisher of The Standard Union.

In June, 1917, Mr. Bridgman was elected director of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Brooklyn, with Charles A. Boody, to fill vacancies in the board created by the deaths of William Berri and William F. Sheehan.

At their meeting Feb. 3, 1919, the trustees of the American Museum of Natural History elected Herbert L. Bridgman an Honorary Fellow of the institution in recognition of his valuable services on a number of its most important exploration committees, and in especial acknowledgement of his contribution to the advancement of science and education through his writings in the public press.

Among others sharing this coveted honor were Roald Amundsen, Dr. Bashford Dean, Lieut. George T. Emmons, U. S. N.; George Bird Grinnell, Baron Ludovic Moncheur, Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary, U. S. N.; Dr. Leonard C. Sanford, Vilhjalmur Ste-

fansson, Sir Ernest Henry Shackleton and Col. Theodore Roosevelt.

DECORATED BY BULGARIA.

The consul general of Bulgaria in New York, on behalf of King Ferdinand, in December, 1921, conferred on Mr. Bridgman the rank of Officer of the Order of St. Alexander in recognition of his writings on Bulgaria and his travel in that country.

He was awarded both the medal and diploma of the order, which corresponds in prestige to the Order of St. Leopold of Belgium. He was already a chevalier of the Order of St. Leopold II, a rank conferred on him by King Leopold, of the Belgians, in 1908, in recognition of his friendliness to the Belgian people and his services as a delegate from the United States to the Polar Congress.

Dr. Bridgman made a tour of Bulgaria and the Near East in 1913 and often spoke and wrote of his experiences there.

LAST TRIP TO HAWAII.

On April 9, 1923, Dr. Bridgman arrived in Brooklyn after a seventeen weeks' journey through the Panama Canal to Southern California and the Hawaiian Islands. He returned with official replies to the messages which he bore from the University of the State of New York to the Department of Public Instruction of the Territory and from the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce to that of Honolulu.

In addition he carried with him a communication to the local chamber of commerce from that of Hilo, second city of the islands, and honorable discharge by the United States Shipping Commissioners as "freight clerk" at 25 cents a month, which

he "collected," of the Inter-Island's new Haleakala, from Philadelphia, Feb. 17, 1923, certifying that his character, ability and seamanship were all "very good."

During his stay in Honolulu Dr. Bridgman conferred at length with Major-Gen. Charles P. Summerall, commanding the Department of Hawaii, and Admiral Edward Simpson, commanding the Pearl Harbor Naval Station; Gov. Wallace R. Farrington and others.

While in Honolulu he explored the active crater at Kilauea with Superintendent Boles as guide; spent a night at the rest house 10,000 feet above sea level on the summit of Haleakala, largest crater in the world, and gave his "Peary's Conquest of the Pole" illustrated lecture in Honolulu.

FINAL CRUISE ON THE NEWPORT.

Referring to himself as an "ancient mariner"—he had just celebrated his eightieth birthday—Mr. Bridgman accepted with alacrity the invitation to accompany the cadets on their annual cruise aboard the Newport. He represented the University of the State of New York, of which he was a regent, and which sponsors this floating academy, and while aboard he lectured on American history and civics to the schoolboys. He wrote a series of mail dispatches, describing his cruise, which have appeared on recent Sundays in this newspaper.

Mr. Bridgman's clubs included the Harvard, Travelers, Union League, Psi Upsilon, Explorers, Hamilton and Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce. He had been one of the founders of the University Club of Brooklyn.

AN ANCIENT MARINER PASSETH

Remarkable Career of Herbert L. Bridgman, Twice A. N. P. A. President, 35 Years on Brooklyn Standard Union, Polar Explorer, Champion of Peary, Exposer of Cook—Had Astonishing World-Wide News Contacts.

(An Appreciation by One of Dr. Bridgman's Associates.)

That one normal-sized head could carry all Herbert L. Bridgman knew was the daily wonder through 35 years of his association with the staff of the *Brooklyn Standard Union*.

To his fellow-workers in this particular vineyard Mr. Bridgman was a prodigy. Globe-trotter, lecturer, author, explorer, educator—he was all of these to the world, but to the members of the staff that claimed his efforts he was more than these—he was a good newspaper man, with a most marvelous equipment, that never "ran down" despite its constant use to the age of 80. He had a great head, crammed with facts of world-wide lore—but it was never a big head. Despite his intellectual eminence, that in some others might have been a terrifying condition, his make-up had in it nothing of aloofness. He was one of us, especially when we were hard at work.

The daily press has duly noted the death of Mr. Bridgman at latitude so-and-so north and longitude so-and-so west. It has catalogued the learned societies to which he belonged, approximately two stickfulls of type; the decorations that had been pinned on him, two sticks more; and the travels that he had left behind, perhaps four or five sticks. The men of The Standard Union were duly impressed by these aspects of world greatness, but they are in excellent position to submit that the most important count in favor of this big man who has just passed away was—that he was, to and past his 80th birthday, a mighty good newspaper man.

Mr Bridgman, in his post as business manager of this newspaper, never forgot to be a reporter. He was a specialist on finding the elusive item in the least likely place. His tremendous mail, pouring in from every quarter of the globe, yielded him one "lead" after another day after day.

One of the busiest of mortals, forever bustling about, he was never too pressed for time to report to the city desk. He laid his finger on the good stuff, frequently important stuff, lurking in the most unsuspected quarters.

History records that Mr. Bridgman climbed the Mesa Encantada with Dr. Libbey. The members of his own staff were properly pleased at the exploit, but may be pardoned for feeling that it is more important to record, in the hour of the present be-

reavement, that he climbed up to the desk day after day with matter for publication that nobody else could ever have found. Mr. Bridgman was a living object lesson in how to read the papers.

In the midst of his astonishing contacts with the world outside he always thought of his paper in Brooklyn. Descriptive matter poured off his pen during leisure moments that he managed somehow to find on his journeys to the Sudan, to Bulgaria, to Hawaii, to everywhere else under the sun. The moment of his death found two lengthy travel articles, with the initials H. L. B. modestly displayed, in type waiting to be used.

His office in the Standard Union building basked in the full glare of publicity during the never-to-be-forgotten days of the Peary-Cook squabble. Mr. Bridgman was devoted to Peary with an unflinching loyalty. He knew more about Dr. Cook than anybody else in town, for that arch faker had accompanied Mr. Bridgman to the Arctic some years before. So when the whole world was flinging flowers into Cook's lap, Mr. Bridgman was overcome with chagrin. In the midst of extravagant tributes to his fellow-Brooklynite, he cried out in the editorial columns of his paper for caution. He wrote:

"After the first flush of surprise the most careful scrutiny will follow. The dramatic and picturesque 'special' gives way to records, diaries, observations, track charts, courses, locations and all the other media by which science establishes facts. Nobody knows this better than Dr. Cook, and though his expedition has no official relation to any government or scientific society, he will, of course, recognize the moral and honorable obligation and insist that his claims to the highest geographical distinction be irrefutably established."

This, it must be remembered, was written on a day when subscriptions for the ornamental civic arch that was to greet the returning Doctor were being collected. Shining through Mr. Bridgman's scientific distrust of Dr. Cook's claims was his enthusiastic faith in Commander Peary, from whom he was daily awaiting the glad tidings that were destined to be not much longer delayed.

The word of caution was written on Sept. 2, 1909. Mr. Bridgman went away over the Labor Day holiday that followed. So did many persons of importance in the big press associations. That will perhaps explain the guarded fashion in which

the actual bulletin of Peary's discovery was received. Because of the furor over Cook it seemed to be regarded as a confusing complication.

For some reason not at all connected with the wishes of the staff, the Standard Union went to press on the 6th just as though it had not been Labor Day. The main editions were off the presses when a cablegram from Newfoundland was discovered on the desk of the absent Mr. Bridgman.

It read, cryptically:

"Bridgman, Standard Union, Brooklyn.

"Sun. Roosevelt Safe.

"Peary."

Seemingly meaningless, it meant everything in the world. Had it read "moon," it would have been a confession that Peary had failed. But "sun"—that meant victory. The office decoded the dispatch, put the story on the street and notified the associations. They required to be informed just what "sun" meant. They were told that it meant Peary "had nailed the Stars and Stripes to the Pole." Accordingly the news went out that Peary, in a very un-Peary-like way, had written that bombastic wire.

How Mr. Bridgman hurried back to Brooklyn, established connection with Commander Peary and obtained from him the natives' assurance that Dr. Cook "had never gone out of sight of land" in the Arctic, belongs to history.

Nobody would ever have taken him for an octogenarian. He had a splendid frame, with the chest and shoulders of an athlete. With the exception of a slight attack about two years ago, which he shook off almost immediately, his office never knew him to report sick. In his enthusiasm and zest for life he was one of the youngest members of this newspaper family.

A continual interest was his Sunday editorial in the Standard Union. The space was reserved for him every week, and although the articles were never signed they were unmistakably his. They covered an enormous range. These, for instance, were his contributions in a specimen month, which happens to be last February:

"Celebrations by Wholesale"—a cutting exposure of the project to spend a few millions of public money on meaningless civic ceremonials.

"Lincoln: Fifty-nine Years After"—appropriate to the birthday.

"Reforming the Law and Lawyers"—an examination of a bench and bar report on legalistic defects.

"Has the Port Authority Cold Feet?"—spurring a famous super-governmental body.

In addition to these were casual articles every now and then on the projects, personalities and causes dearest to his heart. His handwriting was atrocious. It was probably worse than Greeley's. He had, further, a curious habit of submitting stuff on

odd sizes and varieties of copy paper. Further marks of the genius, of course.

Mr. Bridgman was the constant theme of discussion in his office. "And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew." One day a reporter would rub elbows with him at luncheon time at a side-arm chair place where the pie and coffee were a nickel apiece. The next day the same reporter was likely as not to be assigned to cover a luncheon given by Mr. Bridgman at the Hamilton Club to some ambassador or potentate. You could only surmise which style of refectation he preferred. He walked to work, almost invariably.

When he decided to take the trip across his beloved sea on the Newport he gave out the news to the other papers, adding this characteristic paragraph of self-appraisal:

"This 'ancient mariner' has made three Peary Arctic auxiliary cruises: in the Falcon in 1894; Diana, in 1899, and Erik, in 1901, in command of the last two, and holds an honorable discharge, 'character, ability and seamanship good,' by the U. S. Shipping Commission, from his position as freight clerk at 25 cents per month in the Hawaiian Inter-Island's new Haleakala on her maiden voyage last year from Philadelphia to Honolulu."

There was an impressive muster aboard the Newport as it neared Bermuda. It may be read in Mr. Bridgman's own words, written a month before, describing a duplicate of the scene:

"Officers in spick and span new uniforms, but tons and braid bright, trousers razor-creased, the State insignia flashing, saunter on the quarter deck, the barefooted lads in spotless whites gather in groups in the waist, the familiar checked shirts of the bos'n and his mate are covered by blue brass-buttoned reefers, deck work is knocked off and a general air of watchful waiting prevails as the ship rolls steadily along on her course. At 10:45 the bugler comes to the mast, blows the warning call for inspection and muster, and soon the formations are rapidly going on. Commissioned officers on the quarter deck, abaft the mizzen mast; the warrant officers facing and just forward of them; petty officers, some wearing stripes of honorable war service, and crew in blue uniforms, or clean working clothes, on the port side, and the cadets, white-capped and barefooted, in two platoons, engineers on the port deck, department on the starboard."

But at this point Mr. Bridgman's description is dropped, and Capt. Felix Riesenbergh of the Newport takes it up:

"The muster completed," said his wireless dispatch, "the ship was stopped for ten minutes, ensign and pennant half-masted and a prayer was read. Then proceeded full speed to Hamilton. Bermuda."

So, fittingly ended the last cruise of this "ancient mariner." It was the death of a good newspaper man, who had sent to his office an advance story that covered it.

EDITORIAL TRIBUTES

Following are editorial tributes to Regent Bridgman from New York City newspapers and other publications:

(From The Standard Union)

HERBERT LAWRENCE BRIDGMAN.

Of all the residents of Brooklyn during recent years, the one whose death is recorded to-day was the best known throughout the world. This was not because of any one striking achievement, though perhaps that which will cause his name to stand the longest on the pages of history was his double service in sustaining unflaggingly the great enterprise that placed the Stars and Stripes at the North Pole and afterward in rescuing from envious detraction the name of Peary, the discoverer, and causing truth to prevail over falsehood. The man who is now so suddenly taken from us was endowed with a marvellous catholicity of spirit, zest of life, versatility of talent and capacity for friendship. It was of the very essence of the character of Herbert Lawrence Bridgman that he should be interested in personalities, in undertakings, in all that goes to make up the life of the world; his energy carried him far in travels upon the face of the waters and over the continents; his skill in affairs made him a counselor eagerly sought, an executive efficiently followed; his geniality and loyalty caused him to be prized as a companion and associate. Anyone who came near to him, in personal or public affairs, felt the force of his character, like to that influence which a great planet exerts on lesser bodies that approach his orbit. Now the magnificent frame and the noble countenance that so fittingly represented him in life are being borne silently over the waves back to the land of his birth and of his ancestors' birth; and it may be well said in the words of the old chronicler: "There is a prince and a great man fallen this day."

Learned societies, business associates, official colleagues, men of note throughout the world, will join during the weeks to come in the expressions of regret and appreciation that fittingly mark his passing from this world. Friends in all walks of life will condole with each other upon their common loss. It is with pride and sorrow that The Standard Union, where was Mr. Bridgman's particular and beloved business home these many, many years, pays a tribute to a comradeship so close that nothing less potent than invincible death could break it. Exceeded in intimacy only by the sacred affection of the fireside, this long association now becomes a treasured memory and a happy reminiscence which alone can soften the pang of the present grief.

In all the deeper matters of personality Mr. Bridgman was the kind of man one would wish might be met more frequently. If for nothing else, he did good to humanity through his power to link together in happy understanding the young and the

old. An octogenarian he was at the time of his death—how incredible it seems!—yet his blithe spirit, his instant comprehension, made him dearly loved by those who were just starting out upon their careers and who could look to him as an example of enviable attainment. The roll of young people helped by this man, who was never too busy to do a favor and who always knew just what to do, would be, if ever written out, as long as the list of their elders with whom he collaborated in success.

And though his tolerance was as wide as all humanity, yet there was in himself the incorruptible fibre of principle and probity inherited from a long line of Puritan ancestry. What a combination of sound sense, wide knowledge, practical skill, shrewd humor, unfaltering persistence and unshakable loyalty went to make up this man! One cannot be reconciled to his death, but it seems somehow characteristic that his life should pass away as it did, on a happy holiday, surrounded by admirers and friends young and old, at a place to be identified only as the crossing of such and such lines of latitude and longitude on the great waters.

(From the New York "Sun")

HERBERT L. BRIDGMAN.

With the death of Herbert L. Bridgman of The Standard Union, American journalism loses a loved and distinguished worker and the American public a friendly, vigorous and varied personality.

Mr. Bridgman's death was characteristic and worthy of his career. All his life a creative worker and a lover of worthwhile adventure, he had shipped on the State schoolship Newport, commanded by Capt. Felix Riesenbergh, to make a voyage with the cadets of our merchant marine. He was stricken suddenly while apparently enjoying excellent health and while full of plans for future activity. He lived actively up to the day of his passing.

Born in Amherst, Massachusetts, in 1844, Mr. Bridgman took into journalism the active creative ability for which the genuine Yankee is famous. His first work was done on the Springfield "Republican," where as city editor he helped establish the character that paper has maintained. Later with the Associated Press, the New York "Press" and the New York "Tribune," he finally became business manager of The Brooklyn Standard Union. In journalism he won general recognition, represented by his election to the chairmanship of the New York Publishers' Association and the presidency of the American Publishers' Association.

But Mr. Bridgman's interests were always larger

than journalism, and his conception of life included a constant activity in other fields.

He was particularly enthusiastic about outdoor life and the exploration of unknown regions. In 1897 as assistant to Prof. Libbey he scaled Mesa Encantada in New Mexico. He was constantly associated with Peary in the latter's long struggle to reach the North Pole. He wrote the history of the 1894 expedition, commanded two auxiliary expeditions in 1899 and 1901, and though not on the "front," was actively assisting the indefatigable explorer when the long polar battle was finally won. Later, at the age of 60, he crossed the greater part of Africa, and in "The Sudan—Africa From Sea to Center" gave a record of his strenuous journey. Mr. Bridgman was a regent of New York University, a fellow of the American Museum of Natural History and the recipient of foreign decorations.

It is men of the Bridgman type that get most out of life and give most to others. Mr. Bridgman had not lived his full round of years; he had showed how little years count as compared with energy, will and interest. And as he left much undone that would have profited by his touch, so he leaves many friends who will miss his vigor, his enthusiasm and his sanity.

(From the Syracuse "Post Standard")

HERBERT L. BRIDGMAN.

Herbert L. Bridgman was a refreshing and stimulating personality. He had been for sixty years in the newspaper business, all his later years with The Brooklyn Standard Union. His ability and authority were recognized by his election as president of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. But he never permitted the exactions of business to curtail his interest in education and scholarship, in travel and exploration. He kept his vigor and his charm by the multiplicity of his industries and by his ardent devotion to them.

Dr. Bridgman was graduated from Amherst in 1866 and was ever thereafter actively loyal to his college. He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa and Psi Upsilon, and ever thereafter was a factor in the national councils of these societies. He became interested in Polar exploration, served as secretary-treasurer of the Peary expeditions and their historian, was a delegate to the various international Polar Congresses, and because it was not comfortable merely to sit at his desk as secretary, commanded two auxiliary Peary relief expeditions and helped Dr. Libbey scale Mesa Encantada in New Mexico. He was a founder of the American Alpine Club, officer of various geographic societies, and a visitor to the ends of the earth.

He knew equally well Greenland and Hawaii. He was equally at home in a meeting of publishers discussing newspaper problems; in the board of regents, where he succeeded William Berri in 1917, considering general school problems; drifting down a strange river, studying the flora and fauna, or quot-

ing Latin phrases with a professor from the university. He held decorations from the Kings of Belgium and Bulgaria—he had intimate friendships among the Bulgarians—and he was a director of the Museum of Natural History and the Scenic and Historic Preservation Society.

It was characteristic of Herbert Bridgman that, with his eightieth birthday well behind him, he should go on a cruise in the State nautical schoolship, to ramble for three months about the Atlantic, teaching the boys and enjoying life with them. A cruise like that was fun for him. His step was as firm, his body sound, his mind as clear, his curiosity in this adventure as alert as he had been when he set forth the Arctic, twenty-five years ago. For the conduct of a life so full and so constantly alive, he never considered his years. Death has come to him suddenly at Bermuda, as he would have had it, the while he was busy about a new enterprise and without the delay of invalidism.

(From the "N. Y. Times")

HIS LAST VOYAGE.

Herbert L. Bridgman, journalist by profession but with an avocational zest for exploration and a rare devotion to public service, has made his last voyage. He died aboard the State nautical training ship Newport, which had been making its annual summer cruise in foreign waters. He had gone on this voyage at the age of 80, but with the spirit of youth, to study at first hand this particular phase of the State's educational provision. He had in his younger days scaled difficult mountains. He had in robust middle age commanded expeditions into the Arctic regions. In approaching old age he visited the Sudan and other unfrequented parts of the earth. In recent years his journeys became less frequent, but he was busy with his mind and pen in many geographical enterprises, constantly endeavoring to lead the interest of others out into a full possession of the earth in which they live. It was his passion strong even in death. Had he lived in a period when there were greater undiscovered spaces, he would have been a Magellan or a Frobisher. As it was, he helped to keep the spirit of adventure alive in a workaday world—the most memorable expression of it being his unflagging zeal in support of the Peary expedition to the Pole.

As a Regent of the University of the State of New York, to which he gave unstintedly of his time and thought in the last seven years of his life, he was officially interested in the nautical education aboard the training ship. But he was not content to inspect the theoretical part of the training ashore, though his years would have excused him from doing more than this. He accompanied the young sailors out to sea, as Ulysses in his age, saying: "It's not too late to seek a newer world." For to him the world was being made new every day. How completely he entered into the youthful life of the ship,

his letters written during the voyage give some hint. One passage illustrates the color and feeling with which he expressed himself on occasion. On board the ship the death of the son of President Coolidge had been announced:

"The cadets, listening in respectful silence, were dismissed and broke ranks—it was all over in a minute. But it was one of those memorable minutes which last a lifetime and are never repeated. More fitting and sympathetic environment could hardly be imagined. The new moon, swinging low in the west, silvered the wake of the ship; the afterglow of a blood-red sun swung almost around the entire horizon; not a ripple broke the surface of the sea; sails and rigging, often noisy and unruly, now silent; the great stars, Vega almost exactly overheard, Altair over the port and Antares over the starboard bow, and Arcturus on the quarter, with Polaris and the Great Dipper away aloft in the north, with Jupiter abeam, high in the south. Here was a poem by the Almighty on the brevity of human life and the limitations of his powers more effective than any ever written by man."

Mr. Bridgman was a citizen of a pattern to set before both youth and maturity. He not only did his particular work in the world and did it exceeding well; he also took an interest in everything that should concern the human mind. He did not fear to go beyond the old verges and push out into the unknown. He kept to the end a sympathy with children and youth, and in their behalf he gave himself to the bettering of educational conditions in the State. His last voyage, in company with youth, is a fit symbol of the whole life of this man who, with uncommon modesty, great geniality and an adventurous courage, illustrated to youth the best that one generation has to give to the next.

(From The New York "Herald-Tribune")

HERBERT LAWRENCE BRIDGMAN.

Publisher of "The Brooklyn Standard Union" for more than forty years, repeatedly honored with official recognition by his fellow publishers, Herbert Lawrence Bridgman was a distinguished figure in journalism. A man of less active habit might have been well content to pursue a single interest with thorough competence. Mr. Bridgman's abounding physical and mental energy led him into manifold activities, upon which he bestowed a zeal as notable as his devotion to his newspaper.

Especially whole-souled was his interest in Arctic exploration, dating from his days on The Tribune, which coincided with the Greeley expedition. He commanded two Peary auxiliary expeditions, was secretary of the Peary Arctic Club, and in every way was an indefatigable supporter of the explorer. Peary owed no little to his encouragement and assistance at a time when hope seemed forlorn. His name is outstanding in the hard work prefatory to the discovery of the North pole.

Mr. Bridgman was an enthusiastic traveler, an

alpinist, a geographer, a writer, a lecturer of good parts. With all the other claims upon his attention he found time to oversee the affairs of his college fraternity in minute detail, visiting its chapters year after year, advising and kindly admonishing with paternal vigilance. Indeed, he addressed every task in which he found pleasure as though it were his main vocation. He was a versatile man, a vibrant personality.

(From the "Brooklyn Citizen")

HERBERT L. BRIDGMAN'S DEATH.

The announcement of the death of Herbert L. Bridgman, business manager of The Standard Union, comes as a shock to the citizens of Brooklyn. Few men in this borough were better known and none had more friends and admirers.

Mr. Bridgman was a many-sided man. Explorer, scholar, scientist and newspaper man, his activities were boundless. From the time when he was graduated from Amherst College in 1866 he was in close connection with the affairs of the world and took a deep interest in all forms of modern progress. He was versatile but thorough.

For sixty years he was a newspaper man, having entered the profession in 1864. He was one of the founders of the American Newspapers' Association, which had its first meeting thirty years ago at Rochester. A friend and admirer of Admiral Peary for many years, he was the personal leader of three expeditions sent into the Arctic to relieve that intrepid explorer when doubt was entertained as to Peary's fate. He was one of the organizers of Peary's expedition which reached the North Pole.

At the age of sixty Mr. Bridgman made a journey up the Nile as far as Gondokoro, spending some little time at Khartoum, with Sir Reginald Wingate, the Sirdar of the Sudan, and later made other notable journeys to Bulgaria and Hawaii.

He was a big figure in the field of education. For many years he was a lecturer on the staff of the Board of Education. In 1917 he was elected a member of the Board of Regents of New York State, succeeding the late William Berri, publisher of The Standard Union.

Honored by foreign nations, admired by all his fellow citizens, beloved by his friends and acquaintances, he lived a full and happy life and died in harness, at the age of eighty, on board the U. S. school ship Newport, where he was studying at first hand this phase of educational training and giving the young sailors, in brief talks, the benefit of his wisdom and years of experience. The end was sudden, after slight illness, and he died without pain.

(From the "Brooklyn Eagle")

HERBERT L. BRIDGMAN.

It will surprise many people who read to-day of Herbert L. Bridgman's death to learn that he was

in his eighty-first year. His physical age was never visible in his physical appearance or in his bearing. He looked younger than many men still in their fifties. His carriage was erect and sturdy. His conversation was that of a man in his intellectual prime. When he wrote as he often did, for the columns of *The Standard Union*, of which he had been business manager for many years, his work was notable for its clearness, precision and the fund of information it disclosed.

In the profession of journalism, which he entered in 1864, Dr. Bridgman achieved distinction. He was chairman of the New York Publishers' Association and president of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. As a founder of the latter organization he had survived nearly all of his associates. But more than his success in the newspaper field he had reason to value the national and international reputation which sprang from his interest and his achievements in the sphere of geographical research.

He was Admiral Peary's closest friend. He commanded the two auxiliary expeditions sent to the Polar regions in Peary's wake in 1899 and in 1901. He was one of the first to cast doubt on the fraudulent claim of Dr. Cook to enjoy honors that rightfully belonged to Peary, and in the controversy that followed he was one of Peary's ablest champions. It was to Dr. Bridgman that Peary first announced the finding of the Pole. His work as an explorer, writer and lecturer was officially recognized through his appointments as American delegate to several international conferences on Polar exploration and by foreign governments, which bestowed decorations upon him.

Dr. Bridgman gave freely of his time and energy to the Brooklyn Institute's Department of Geography, of which he was president. He frequently talked before audiences assembled under its auspices. As a speaker on these occasions and at other times, when his membership in the Board of Regents of this State gave him a peculiar authority in the discussion of education and cognate subjects, he was invariably heard with respect and profit. His was a life full of activity and singularly fruitful in worthy achievement.

(Brooklyn "Times")

HERBERT LAWRENCE BRIDGMAN

Herbert Lawrence Bridgman, wireless news of whose death at sea on the Navy training ship *Newport*, brought a shock to Brooklyn this morning, had more the appearance and manner of a conservative business man than of a daring adventurer and cultured and capable educator, yet he was all three, and a fine exemplar of American journalism in addition. To him in no small measure has been due the success of the *Brooklyn Standard-Union*, to which we now offer our condolences on the loss of a brilliant and successful chief. There was little in the aspect of the tall, quiet citizen so intimately known to so

many of the leading men of this community, to suggest that his life was a continuous romance, that during those absences from the *Standard-Union* office in which, because of his diffident and retiring manner, he was scarcely missed, he was engaged in scaling mountain peaks of great altitude, or adding new chapters to the brilliant story of Arctic exploration. Yet the history of the discovery of the Northern Pole in which he was Peary's backer, friend, and aid in the field, would not be complete without his record.

Mr. Bridgman was born in Amherst in 1844. Twenty-two years later he was graduated from the college of his native place. In 1864 he began the journalistic career which was to lead to his association under the ownership of William Berri, of the *Brooklyn Standard-Union*, with Murat Halstead and John Halton and the others whose enterprise and ability made that newspaper. He devoted himself largely to the business end of that enterprise, showing a mind for business rarely possessed by a journalist and teacher.

His fame came through his avocations. They were widely diversified. He had a passion for education and for Arctic exploration. The adventures of those who had gone into the unknown North in the hope of locating the Pole had a strong attraction for him always. This attraction led him into association with Lieutenant Peary and he gave his support to the latter's determination to plant the American flag on the top of the earth. He went North himself in 1894 as Historian of the Peary Auxiliary Expedition. In 1897, with Professor Libbey, he helped scale the Mesa Encantada in New Mexico. His lectures on exploration were deeply interesting in those years. He commanded the *Diana* and the *Erik* of the Peary expeditionary ships, and when finally the task was accomplished and Peary had achieved his life's ambition, no small share of the credit went to the Brooklyn journalist. However, it was not only the peaks of mountains and the recesses of the Arctic that attracted him. He knew Africa in its strange places, and his lecture, "The Sudan-Africa From Sea to Center," was of high value.

It was perfectly logical and proper that he should have been appointed State Regent by Governor Whitman in 1917, as he contributed much to the cause of education in New York.

This is only a brief outline of his brilliant and remarkable career, a mere summary of his diversified and useful interests. He was as well known abroad as at home as his honors show. He was a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold II., of Belgium, and an officer of the Order of St. Alexander of Bulgaria. He was a delegate at Polar conferences, the Union League Club of New York, the Hamilton Club of Brooklyn and the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce—these associations of the breadth of his life. Member of the National Geographical Society, the Peary, the Arctic and the Explorers' Clubs, a dozen other geographical so-

cieties, of the Alpine Club, of the Psi Upsilon college fraternity, president of the Department of Geography of the Brooklyn Institute, fellow of the American Museum of Natural History, member of the American Scenic and Historical Society, chairman of the New York Publishers' Association, president for a term of the American Newspaper Publisher's Association, member of the Harvard Travelers' Club, the Hamilton Club of Brooklyn and the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce—these associations show his interest in world affairs and in the affairs of his own locality. His death will be deplored abroad, will leave poorer the educational system of the State, will deprive Brooklyn of a citizen who has reflected great honor upon it, and will take a great and admired figure from journalism.

(From the Bulletin of the University of the
State of New York)

HERBERT LAWRENCE BRIDGMAN.

The last clear call came to Regent Bridgman on the evening of September 24th while sitting on the deck of New York's Nautical Schoolship Newport, homeward bound over a serene and untroubled sea. Had he been granted his choice, this surely would have been the way of his departure. With four score years behind him, he may well have surmised that he might meet his Pilot at the bar when he set out to sea.

The activities of Mr. Bridgman's long life breathed into those about him not only a contagious regard for the rugged virtues of his Puritan inheritance, but an inspiration to high purpose. So unusual were the varied concerns of his life that they have already attracted the notice of many writers who would do honor to his career. He died at sea at a spot we can never know except as the crossing of a certain latitude and longitude, but he lived to help make possible the discovery of a place of no latitude and longitude, the North Pole. He had sailed the Arctic; he climbed the unscaled and enchanted mountain; he traversed the desert; he received the confidence of princes and governors and these things have been elsewhere set down. It is another side of his career with which this tribute, all too short to do him justice, is especially concerned; the more direct influence of his life upon the education of young men. Perhaps none of his activities can justly be divorced from this objective but some of them stand up high and clear as the mountains he loved.

Mr. Bridgman was born at Amherst, Mass.; he was graduated from Amherst College in the class of 1866; from that date he attended every commencement of the college so far as it was in his power to do so; he was long the president of its alumni association and always a participant and counsellor in its activities. In college days he joined the Psi Upsilon fraternity; he was continuously interested in his local chapter, for 47 years, even to the end, a member of the national council of all the chapters, and for 41 years its president. He was his

class secretary for 60 years. While still a student he became imbued with the purpose to become a newspaper man; he did become the forerunner of notable Amherst squad of journalists that followed close upon his footsteps—his brother Raymond, Talcott Williams, William C. Brownell and the Clarke Brothers. In his home days in the Connecticut Valley, the Springfield Republican was the household god at every hearthstone and Samuel Bowles the Second was its prophet. With graduation from college, he hitched his wagon to this star and thus began the journalistic career that was the principal business of his life.

These episodes of his youth are cited to indicate the character of the man. He looked carefully, made his choice and having put his hand to the plow never turned back. Discerning the good he clung with pertinacity to the things of his choice. Apart from his distinguished achievements which made up the avocations of his life, let it suffice here to say that it was such qualities as we have outlined, ripened by long experience, with educational men and measures, fertilized and strengthened by perfect honesty, sincerity and gentility of heart, that he brought to his service as Regent of this University. Mr. Bridgman succeeded in this office in 1917 the high-minded and great-hearted William Berri, proprietor of the Brooklyn Standard Union, the management of which came to Mr. Bridgman in proper sequence. Modestly and gradually acquainting himself with the Board and the almost imperial functions exercised by the Regents in educational administration, he completely won the confidence of his colleagues for his breadth of vision, his high ideals, clear common sense in matters of policy, controversy or debate. His sturdy physique seemed the embodiment of his mind; something upright and dependable. His rugged face with its lurking whimsical smile bespoke a blessed endowment of that sense of humor which helps to surmount many a difficult situation. Of the special functions that he served on the Board, its work in the State Museum, in library extension, in visual education, he was not only the persistent supporter but the insistent promoter, and his editorial and news columns were very essential channels in keeping the public in touch with university activities. As if to maintain a closer contact with practical educational work, he was for 30 years a lecturer for the board of education of Greater New York.

An indomitable persistence in the work he knew to be good and in which he was convinced he could help, expressed the predominant quality of his spirit. The same tenacity displayed itself in his journalistic profession in which he rose through varied experiences to positions of responsibility and distinction. Scientific and geographical societies honored themselves by formal recognition of his service in exploring the remote corners of land and sea. His captain, Peary, baptized with his name Cape Bridgman, a point of land which stands as his memorial at the farthest north of the American

continent. It will endure, but not longer than the widening circles of his own influence.

Whether as commander on the bridge of his own ship or as able seaman on his own deck, his clearance and his discharge were ever in order for inspection. And so with all his work.

It was in his capacity as Regent that, in July last, he shipped aboard the Newport, the State's Nautical School under the control of the University, for its

annual cruise, this time about the waters of the north Atlantic and into the ports of western Europe. This "ancient mariner," as he was pleased to call himself, was not to be an idle supercargo. He lectured to the cadets and sent back to his newspaper fascinating stories afloat and ashore. He had made his cruise, had accomplished his purpose; then quietly and without distress he slipped his cable for an undiscovered country.

JOHN M. CLARKE.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR DR. H. L. BRIDGMAN

Minutes Entered Upon Records of Psi U., of Whose Executive Council He Was a Member for Forty-Seven Years—Letters and Telegrams from ex-President Taft, Chauncey M. Depew and Many Others.

Members of twenty-seven chapters of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity gathered last night, in honor of their Founder's Day, at the Lotos Club, 110 West 57th Street, Manhattan, and paid simultaneous tribute to the memory of Dr. Herbert L. Bridgman, president of the fraternity's council since 1884, who died suddenly aboard the New York schoolship Newport on Sept. 24 last, as she neared her home port after the annual trans-Atlantic cruise of the cadets.

Educators, ministers, lawyers, doctors and Psi U's high in the financial and industrial world—all of them men who have contributed greatly to the betterment of their chosen professions—and young men on the threshold of their careers stood with bowed heads at the Lotos Club gathering while the Rev. Charles Henry Arndt, rector of Christ Episcopal Church, Germantown, Pa., offered prayer which opened the memorial of the Psi Upsilon family.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, presided. He paid a high tribute to Dr. Bridgman, declaring that his was a rare and rich and charming personality whose life had touched many important points with vigor and high intelligence. Dr. Bridgman, he said, had gone out of life carrying with him a rich and heavy burden of love and affection and of work well done. No one in the long history of the Psi Upsilon fraternity, he declared, had better earned or more rightly earned, the affectionate tribute which was paid him by his brothers everywhere last night.

"Herbert L. Bridgman was our best beloved."

This was the tribute paid to the late educator, author and explorer by the members of the Psi Upsilon fraternity to which he devoted more than half a century of his life, by Earl D. Babst, president of the American Sugar Refining Company, Iota-Phi '93, who succeeded Dr. Bridgman as president of the fraternity. Mr. Babst's address was made in behalf of the Executive Council of the Psi Upsilon.

George B. Mallon, at one time associate editor of "The Sun," told of his personal and intimate association with Dr. Bridgman.

DR. BUTLER'S TRIBUTE.

After the prayer, Dr. Butler, who presided, said:

"Brother Psi Upsilon: This gathering drawn from a wide circle of chapters, is to do honor to the memory of a dear friend and brother, to take pride and pleasure in a record of his life and service. He was a rare and rich and a charming personality. He touched life at many important points, also with vigor and high intelligence, with fine purpose and

with public benefit. His many-sided nature brought him in contact with science, exploration, discovery, and he pursued them with eager zeal.

"He had contact with letters through his chosen profession which he adored and greatly loved and which led him into the fields of literature, of which so often it is the open door. He touched the public interest in his good citizenship, in his continued efforts for a better government of his city, state and nation, and for the improvement of those conditions under which modern men live. He cared greatly for his contact with education, and was deservedly proud of his office as Regent of the University of the State of New York, where he labored for years ardently and well to strengthen and develop the educational system in the Empire State.

"He cared mightily for all these things and for other things, but I am disposed to think if he could be called back and asked which among them all was the chief interest of his life he would say it was the fraternity of his love and all his life-long membership of service.

"Queen Mary used to say after the loss of Calais, France, that when she died she was sure the name of Calais would be found written on her heart. It is hardly too much to think that the heart of our friend carried with it to the open door and down along the lane to eternity the symbol of Psi U. Nothing was nearer or dearer to his heart and his nature.

"It meant boyhood friendships and experiences, it meant manhood's enthusiasms and ideals. It meant service and reflection of the ripening years. He has gone out of our earthly life, carrying with him a rich and heavy burden of love and affection and of work well done. No one in the whole long history of the fraternity has better earned nor more richly earned the affectionate tribute which his brothers everywhere so gladly pay to him to-night.

"I have great honor in presenting Brother George B. Mallon, of the Gamma, the home chapter of Brother Bridgman, who will speak on behalf of that portion of the fraternity."

GAMMA'S DEBT TO DR. BRIDGMAN.

Mr. Mallon said he cherished the memory of his association with Dr. Bridgman and paid a high tribute to his memory.

"I have been asked to speak to you very briefly to-night about the Gamma's debt to Herbert L. Bridgman," he said.

"I deeply regret that Edwin A. Grosvenor, known to many, who was taken into the chapter the year following Brother Bridgman, is not here to-night to represent Gamma. Ten days ago at our initiation, I heard Brother Grosvenor pay to Brother Bridgman's memory the finest eulogy I have ever heard one man pay to another and I remembered as he spoke, some ten or fifteen years ago when Brother Bridgman returned from a trip to Bulgaria, he told me that most of the rulers of Bulgaria at one time had been pupils of Prof. Grosvenor at Amherst College, and that Grosvenor's name was a passport to everything that was worth while in Bulgaria.

"Brother Bridgman returned to the Gamma initiation a year ago for the first time since the death of his son, a great tragedy in his life. All of you probably have had the pleasure and the sentiment of being present at the initiation of your boy into Psi U, and you can probably realize what that event meant to Brother Bridgman. A few years ago when his boy died, Brother Bridgman told me he never could go back to another initiation. The memory of his son was beyond anything he could bear. A year ago, however, he did come back, for two reasons. The head of the house, Brother Merrill, was a grandson of the man who had initiated him and his own son was being taken into the chapter. I was ill in Montclair at the time, and I was deeply touched when, three days later, I received a letter from Brother Bridgman describing, in his characteristically fine style, the events of the evening, giving to me the names of the old men who had come back, winding up with the statement thus now he had made the plunge he was going to be a 'regular' again.

"Brother Bridgman has always seemed to me to be the best exemplar of the New England college student of sixty years ago. He was born on a farm within sight of the college, a small-town boy. He drew health from Amherst air and life from the Pelham hills and the Holyoke range. He learned that kind of democracy which is our American ideal in the public school and the country college.

SHARED SUCCESS WITH FRATERNITY.

"When success came to him later, he shared it generously with his town, college and his fraternity. Many other organizations have shared in the richness of his judgment and in his inspiration, but none more deeply than the fraternity. Brother Bridgman and I had several strong mutual interests outside of the fraternity, if anything could be outside of the fraternity, and I noticed in the many conversations we had that almost invariably he brought the conversation around to a discussion of Psi U.

"He loved the Gamma chapter as all good Gamma men do, and I never could discover that he withheld any portion from any of the other chapters of the fraternity. He several times came down to see me to discuss some of the problems of the other chapters. He discussed them with a zeal and intelligence and personality that always have impressed me.

"Brother Bridgman's life, beginning in the simplicity of early days, carried him through a distinguished course in college, and, as our chairman has said, into various fields of intellectual and physical venture, ranging from publishing and authorship to exploration in Africa and the Polar regions and, characteristically, to mountain climbing.

"He conquered all obstacles by his energy and directness of purpose, and when he died at sea, which he loved, he was surrounded by youth, which he personified. He had served with distinction his college, his fraternity, his city, his State and his country.

"These certainly are the attributes of greatness. He climbed always the upward, open road of continual achievement. He died climbing and his body, like Merrill's, is embalmed in the eternal snow on Mount Everest's peak.

"Many other men live in the recollection of Gamma, but Herbert L. Bridgman is enshrined in our hearts. If there is any truth, and I believe there is, in Maeterlinck's mystic words that "The dead are dead only when we cease to think of them," then Herbert L. Bridgman will never die to Psi U men.

"In conclusion, may I say to you very earnestly to-night that I know that Brother Bridgman would not want to be remembered with any touch of sorrow, for his end came in the fullness of age and he would rather have us remember him as a happy warrior, a generous spirit, who had met the tasks that real life had wrought upon the span that graced his boyish thought."

MR. BABST'S ADDRESS.

Earl D. Babst in his address eulogizing Mr. Bridgman said:

Herbert L. Bridgman was our best beloved. He was without doubt known personally to more generations of undergraduates than any other man who ever wore the diamond of Psi Upsilon.

The initiation, sixty-four years ago, of a tall and, we can fancy, awkward youth of eighteen, made one of the most notable entries in the long and honor roll of the Gamma. The Fraternity will always rest under a special obligation to the Gamma; the Gamma has long had the reflected glory of Brother Bridgman's career.

He was active in Psi Upsilon and in Amherst affairs from the beginning. One need only turn to the chapter symbols to learn of his undergraduate interest. The varied pursuits and rich gifts of later years are foreshadowed in his college record—winner of the Freshman Declamation prize, Commencement orator, member of Phi Beta Kappa.

Born in the town of Amherst in 1844, he lived within the shadow of the college of his youth. As a village boy, looking forward to the college, he had chosen Psi Upsilon before the Gamma chose him. He never lived far from Amherst. He returned for almost every initiation and commencement, so richly and so rarely, the memories of home, of boyhood, of youth, of college days, and of his cherished Psi Upsilon, in which he was followed by brothers, a son and grandson.

RARE COMBINATION IN JOURNALISM.

In the early years after college, Mr. Bridgman was associated with several press associations and publishers both as writer and as business manager—a combination rare in journalism. What is perhaps still more important is that he continued as secretary and as editor of the "Chronicles of the Class of 1866," through many series and until the "Sands of Life" had run.

In 1877, when Mr. Bridgman was assistant to the publisher of the New York "Tribune," an event occurred which must be emphasized on this occasion at the Xi convention he was elected to the executive council of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity. From the very beginning Psi Upsilon has had a simple organization. At present there are three bodies—the chapters, the convention and the executive council. For the first six years, or from 1833 to 1839, with only the Theta and Delta, there was a chapter organization. The foundation of the Beta in 1839 gave birth to the idea of a convention; and after the establishment of the Sigma in 1840, a convention was held in the chapel of the University of the City of New York on Oct. 22, 1841—attended by forty-four members. Before the delegates came the consideration of establishing a chapter at Amherst, the publication of a catalogue, the holding of an annual convention, and the system of chapter letters which still prevails.

For the next sixteen years the business of the fraternity was transacted directly through the convention. Meanwhile had come the establishment of Zeta. Lambda, Kappa, Psi, Xi, and Alpha, and consequently the need of a small permanent committee to carry out the directions of the convention. This led, at the Gamma convention of 1857, to the formation of an executive committee composed of Morgan Dix, Lambda 1848; Henry R. Stiles, Delta 1852, and William H. L. Barnes, Beta 1855, all three of whom lived in New York.

With the admission of the Upsilon, Iota, Phi, and Omega, an executive council of five members was instituted at the Theta convention of 1869, and so continued nearly forty years. The slowly growing chapter roll had further additions—the Pi, Chi, Beta Beta, Eta, Tau, Mu, Rho, and Epsilon—and at the Delta convention of 1907 the council was again enlarged, this time to ten members, who are elected by the convention in classes for terms of five years each, and who carry out a plan of chapter visitation which still obtains.

PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.

Brother Bridgman, who had been elected to the executive council in 1877, became president of the council in 1883 and continued in office until his death on Sept. 24, 1924. This period of 47 years of continuous service is without parallel in the history of College fraternities. Long terms of service have, however, been characteristic of our executive body; for example, that of fourteen years of Benjamin H. Bayliss, Delta 1865; of seventeen years of Francis S. Bangs, Lambda 1878; of seventeen years of William M. Kingsley, Delta 1883; of twenty years of George Henry Fox, Upsilon 1867; of twenty-three years of George S. Coleman, Xi 1876. These are a few of those who served with Bridgman at various periods. Such terms of service are high tribute to the congeniality, dependability, good judgment and working capacity of the man we are now honoring.

The speaker first met Brother Bridgman in 1893 while on his way to the Dartmouth convention. A call was made in Brooklyn at the office of the Brooklyn Standard Union. As the delegate of the Phi and the bearer of the Wisconsin petition for the future Rho Chapter, I crossed on the old Fulton Ferry, like so many hundred Psi U undergraduates and alumni, before and since, to the sanctum of this wise and sympathetic man.

From the impressions of that first visit came a lifelong friendship. Brother Bridgman approached the Wisconsin subject seriously but with simplicity and directness. He gave encouragement without promises. "The convention will decide," he said, "and will doubtless ask for all the facts." He would merely suggest that the matter be presented accurately and briefly; especially would he suggest unreserved frankness.

BRIDGMAN OF 1893 THE BRIDGMAN OF 1924.

The Bridgman of 1893, and doubtless of 1883, was the Bridgman of 1924—even in appearance and bearing. Dignified and modest; simple and sympathetic; direct and encouraging—the annual convention was supreme and would want all the facts. It was these characteristics and this attitude that challenged the admiration, respect and veneration of thousands of undergraduates and brought them.

As the presiding officer, first at the Chi in 1884 and last at the Chi in 1924, and at practically all the conventions within memory, he solved countless parliamentary problems with a patience and impartiality which won him affection and reverence and a fraternity-wide loyalty that transcends words or record.

"The convention will decide and will doubtless ask for all the facts!" Here is the creed of the Bridgman administration of Psi Upsilon for nearly fifty years. A man of strong character, readiness and resourcefulness, he administered his office and led his associates of council after council to viewing Psi Upsilon through and for the undergraduate member. He was ever young and fresh in spirit. He never lost his undergraduate point of view. For

precedent, as well as in reminiscence, he turned to his student days. No one can read those delightful letters he wrote from the Newport, nor the tributes paid him by its officers and cadets, without feeling pride for that stout old Psi U heart which carried the ripe experience of his eighty years and the spirit of his boyhood to this "floating school," as he described it. His keen eye discerned the practical advantages of the schoolship to American shipping.

Here, then, was an idealist who was intensely practical. No one could uphold his ideals more courageously, yet Brother Bridgman's straight thinking always led to practical decisions. The publication of four catalogues of four song books and the revival of *The Diamond* were practical gains achieved under his guidance.

GENIUS FOR QUICK DECISION.

Members of the executive council, year after year, have seen the secretary's papers and correspondence grow to a volume little dreamed of by the fraternity. Problems seem fairly to spring from the ground. The rapidity with which these were analyzed, precedents cited and solutions briefly provided by Brother Bridgman frequently left the rest of us in a state of bewilderment. Nor were there any telephone messages next day suggesting some qualifications or amendment. He had a genius for quick decision and for condensed correspondence.

Seldom did an issue arise in which his common sense solution did not point the way to unanimous action. Such an instance, however, arose fifteen years ago when the Inter-Fraternity Conference was formed. Psi Upsilon for a long time politely declined to join the movement, on the ground that the convention alone could decide. The discussions of this question in the council were memorable, for Brother Bridgman reviewed the whole history of Psi Upsilon, and on these he based his own opposition to entangling alliances of kind. When finally the convention, after several years' consideration, voted to join the conference, Bridgman gallantly headed the delegation that attended from Psi Upsilon. The very first session disclosed that the Conference was, for the most part, dealing with old problems that Psi Upsilon had solved years ago and with new problems which were more easily solved under the guidance of our own tradition. The vindication of Bridgman's position was complete, but, characteristically, he made no comment. Psi Upsilon is still a member of the Conference—for the convention has decided.

Brother Bridgman was practical, even to the extent of abhorring all but the most meagre machinery of organization. Frequently he quoted the significant words of James B. Angell, Sigma, 1849, "Let us all remember that there is not much abiding power in organization merely. A society is always just what its members make it by their character; nothing more, nothing less." Always he was fearful that the executive council might fall into some

usurpation of the powers of the convention or of the chapters. He wished to avoid even the appearance of the council being a super-power. He wanted the undergraduates—the active members—through the convention—to maintain their supremacy, with merely the friendly guidance of the executive council, leaving stern measures to the chapter's own alumni organization. He regarded Psi Upsilon as a pure democracy calculated to develop the undergraduate citizen, and he depended on the nearby alumni to meet their responsibility without appeals from anyone. With the growth of the fraternity—there are about 13,000 living members—the relations of the executive council to alumni and their associations because of increasing interest. Here, again, there developed a policy of co-operation, rather in the way of good officers than of guidance.

ALWAYS ON THE TRAVEL.

With great zest Brother Bridgman entered upon the plans of the 1907 convention for annual visits by members of the council to each chapter. Year after year he went to the chapters on his list and then picked others from the delinquents. He was always traveling. On the way to Chicago, he would say, he could easily run down to the Omicron, which he had installed in 1910. After the Amherst initiation he would have an opportunity to visit Delta Delta at Williams, a chapter which always had his special interest. And so his list of visits would enlarge. On his way to Hawaii in 1916, he installed the Theta Theta at the University of Washington. And then there were the other college celebrations which he frequently attended as an official delegate from the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York. A few days before he sailed on the Newport, he made his last college pilgrimage to the Centennial Commencement of Kenyon College, and, of course, arrived just in time for the Iota celebration which brought together the largest attendance in the history of the chapter. Such activity, year in and year out, in the service of the fraternity made us little realize that this great Psi U was anywhere near his eightieth birthday.

When Bridgman was initiated the fraternity was composed of three chapters, the Iota being the baby chapter. When he came to the Executive Council, the number had reached seventeen, the Chi having succeeded in Iota's laurels. When he laid down his office the roll had grown to twenty-seven, with the Nu, at the University of Toronto, in the seat of honor, the Chi approaching its semi-centennial and the Iota nearing its three score and ten. Nearly all of the eleven chapters since the founding of the Chi were instituted by Brother Bridgman under the authority of the Executive Council.

BRIDGMAN A MANY-SIDED MAN.

Occasionally our active members are inclined to spurn student and civic activities and to rest upon the prestige of their fraternity membership. Contrast Brother Bridgman's career! The auspicious start in freshman declamation, senior oration, Phi

Beta Kappa and as secretary; president of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, tireless co-operator with Peary, explorer of the North; representative of scientific societies at International Congresses, scaler of Mesa Encantada, investigator of the Congo Free State, traveler and observer in Bulgaria and the Near East, member and officer of geographical societies, Honorary Fellow, University Regent—to this many-sided Bridgman his Alma Mater paid us its highest tribute with its honorary degree of Doctor of Laws in 1920.

Among the many editorial tributes, that of the New York "Times" will find wide appreciation throughout Psi Upsilon.

"Mr. Bridgman was a citizen of a pattern to set before both youth and maturity. He not only did particular work in the world and did it exceedingly well; he also took an interest in everything that should concern the human mind. He did not fear to go beyond the old verges and push out into the unknown. He kept to the end a sympathy with children and youth, and in their behalf he gave himself to the bettering of the educational conditions in the State. His last voyage, in company with youth, is a fit symbol of the whole life of this man who, with uncommon modesty, great congeniality and an adventurous courage, illustrated to youth the best that one generation has to give the next."

This is Founders' Day, Nov. 24. Nine years from to-night we shall be celebrating the centennial of Psi Upsilon. Our thoughts naturally turn to our fellowship—what is the secret of its success, what insures its vitality, what is its mission?

We are fortunate in having Brother Bridgman's answer to these questions, given on his eightieth birthday, May 20 last. It is contained in a reply to a letter of birthday greeting.

This was the greeting:

"It is seldom that youth is able to throw off its cloak of shortsightedness long enough to profit by the lives and experiences of the elders. Most of us must live through the experience in order to acquire the ultimate point of view. Now and then, however, there arises in some group a life, combined with long experience and service, which portrays so obviously those ideals and thoughts which are particularly close to the younger members of the group, that this annual barrier is broken and knowledge of or contact with that life invariably makes for better men of the younger in the group. We of the Omega feel thankful that we should have the privilege of membership in a society which is worthy of such service and thought as you have given."

This was the reply:

"I take no credit for my years, nor for my service to Psi Upsilon, though I'll admit I've taken considerable pleasure in both. Neither is it timely nor becoming for one to speak in detail. If the force of example, of personal contact, to which you so kindly refer, are correctly interpreted and appraised,

that is still more source of satisfaction and encouragement, for I have always held that while Psi U might make good fellows, it didn't need supermen to show it the way. Harmony, unity and real living brotherhood—no other is worth having—it has always seemed to me are attained and retained by actions rather than words, by being rather than pretending, or telling others or permitting them to tell us what to do. So I hope we may all go on to greater and better things than even our glorious past has revealed."

In these letters we see the older and the younger generation drawn together by the ties of Psi Upsilon, ordinarily finding expression only in the glance of the eye and the grip of the hand.

LOYAL AND DEVOTED SON GONE.

Finally, it should be set down that hundreds of telegrams and letters of condolence and sympathy—they began to seem thousands—came to Mrs. Bridgman, until she was left so overwhelmed by the honor and beauty of it all that she dared not think of her personal loneliness, but joined her tribute to ours, since his hour had come, by dwelling on what she was sure would be to Mr. Bridgman a great and totally unexpected joy.

In the passing of Herbert L. Bridgman, Psi Upsilon has lost its exemplar, a loyal and devoted son who held the respect, admiration and affection of the Psi Upsilon family as these have rarely given to any member. Let us carry on in his spirit and, in his words, "To greater and better things than even our glorious past has revealed."

LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS.

The Rev. Charles Henry Arndt, rector of Christ Episcopal Church, of Germantown, Pa., offered prayer after President Butler had called the fraternity together.

Herbert S. Houston, editor of "Our World," and at one time editor of the "Review of Reviews," read a number of letters and telegrams of regret from Psi U men who were unable to attend: Among them were those from Chauncey M. Depew, William H. Taft, Thomas F. Davies, Bishop of Western Massachusettes; Bishop Ethelbert Talbot of Bethlehem, Pa., and Bishop Thomas H. Darlington, of Harrisburg, Pa. There were also telegrams of sympathy from all Psi Upsilon chapters.

Among the messages sent were the following:

Chief Justice Taft—"Mr. Bridgman is entitled to a most affectionate memorial, and I am sure he will have it on Founders Day throughout the whole fraternity."

Ex-Senator Depew—"Herbert Bridgman was one of the most loyal of friends and one of the most charming companions, and I had intimate relations with him during the whole of his journalistic career. He will be remembered for many remarkable things he did in his long and honorable career."

Bishop Ethelbert Talbot, Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church—"I shall always think of Herbert L. Bridgman with affection, and it is

a source of deep regret that absence in the South prevents my joining in the deserved tribute to him."

A minute in memory of Dr. Bridgman was offered by George Henry Fox, Upsilon '57, which, after having been read by Edward L. Stevens, Chi '99, was adopted by a rising vote.

Dr. Arndt pronounced the benediction after the singing of the fraternity song, "The Day is Ended."

Among the Brooklyn members of the fraternity present were ex-Justice Isaac Franklin Russell, George W. Giddings, Frederick W. Hinrichs, E. R., and F. B. Stone.

Following is the minute adopted:

Minute entered at memorial meeting held Founders Day at Lotus Club, under auspices of executive council, on motion of George Henry Fox, Upsilon '67, and Edward L. Stevens, Chi '99.

"We the members of Psi Upsilon, are gathered on this day, dedicated to the founders of our fraternity in commemoration of their first meeting, ninety-one years ago, to honor the memory of our brother, Herbert Lawrence Bridgman, Gamma '66, for forty-seven years (more than half of Psi Upsilon's existence) a member of its executive council, and since 1883 continuously its president.

"For more than forty-one years, Brother Bridgman guided the destinies of Psi Upsilon. To no man, living or dead, does our fraternity owe so much. While our founders, when they instituted Psi Upsilon, laid its foundation broad and deep, they little dreamed of the wonderful building which would

rise upon those foundations. The worth and beauty of that structure are largely due to Brother Bridgman. Psi Upsilon, as we know it to-day, is the expression of his character; so it is fitting that, with the founders of our fraternity, we now honor him, its moulder.

"Quick to reach the heart of things, he wrought essentials only into Psi Upsilon's structure. Despising empty form, he kept Psi U free from red tape and formalism. Democratic in all his instincts, he saw to it that our chapter should be self-reliant and the convention of our chapters, rather than the executive council, the supreme power.

"His vigor, both of body and spirit, was inspiring. He held firmly to his opinions, though in the minority, and rarely was he proven mistaken; yet, despite this tenacity, his enemies were few, while his friends were legion.

"We loved Brother Bridgman. He was at once strong and kindly, manly and modest, wise and charitable. He held up to reverence the finest traditions of the past. He sought increase of knowledge for the benefit of the future. He loved youth and ever met young men with sympathetic understanding. He was a good citizen and a good friend. To us he was the embodiment of Psi Upsilon's finest ideals.

"To his sorrowing wife and family our tender sympathy goes forth. Their loss is heavy. We, too, will miss him deeply, but we retain, as a beacon to guide our fraternity through all its future, the lasting memory of his wise and loyal leadership."

Herbert L. Bridgman

(From the funeral address of the Rev. Howard Dean French, Pastor
of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn.)

My friends, it is a grave and serious matter when any useful personality is suddenly removed from the interests and activities of life. Especially when a man of varied gifts and of large affairs is taken is the loss heavy. Such a man touches life at so many points; his business concerns, his institutional activities, his many friends, his inner circle of intimates, kin folk, loved ones . . . It is futile to say that the vacant place is filled and that life goes on as before; such a place is never filled; life is changed for all time for many a heart. As a pebble thrown into a pool spreads its ripples to the furthest shore, so any life which touches other lives starts influences which reach eternity.

When a life is lived to its full, when its potentialities come to large expression, then what an influence is wielded upon a community's spirit, upon a nation, upon a world. So many of us keep in such a narrow channel; some few let their influence prevade the globe. When such a spirit leaves its earthly activity, then indeed is the loss grievous, then indeed is life changed. That is why the sudden news of this great citizen's passing shocked the city and made many a man feel lost, bereaved, poor.

"When he fell—, he went down
As a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

I am not here to give a catalogue of the years of this active and many-sided man, nor do you desire me to. Rather would I leave with you some impression of his spirit. His deeds we cannot duplicate; but his spirit may live in us and make us better, greater men.

One of the central characteristics of his career is adventure. His was not the empty recklessness which dares for the sake of thrills, but that faith which longs to penetrate the unknown that its treasures may be revealed for human enrichment. It stimulated him as a student with a hungry mind; it animated him as a journalist with a passion for truth; it inspired him as a traveler with a constructive curiosity. He had in him the adventuring of his Pilgrim forebears who dared the chartless sea, not for the sake of daring, but for progress. His hungering spirit could not be stilled by tradition, hemmed in by ruts, held by humdrum. What lesser spirits feared, he dared with dauntless exultation.

He was the spirit of Columbus of whom the poet speaks:

"Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: 'Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?'
'Why, say, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"'
"They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
'This mad sea shows its teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?'
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'
"Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: 'On! Sail on!'"

In such a day as this, when business and politics, social customs and habits, are in a state of flux, we can ill afford to lose such men. Who will fill their places? And this man's eyes were gazing not only outward but upward. Not only the new, but the better. It is one thing to long for the better day; it is another to dedicate one's life to its achievement. The first may be but dreaming until the second with its devotion makes the vision possible of realization.

Those who knew Mr. Bridgman well say they never thought of him as old. It is not surprising, for this spirit of adventure is the very essence of youth; it was the secret of his influence upon the young, the spring of his understanding of them. Age is not measured by years but by heartbeats. It drove him to sea on that last voyage that youth might be helped. Oh, for a faith that dares the higher service for men!

Now his life has made the great adventure, has explored those shores that touch eternity. With what confidence, what eager courage, he would embark! How his soul would leap to this new immortal day! So we can leave him—a worker still, in causes he had loved; but now filled with the vision eternal.

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

Farewell

A wonderful passing, the splendor of which may be seen not once in a hundred years, that of Herbert L. Bridgman: the sudden, painless end, with tender hands about him and love's light in his eyes; the serene sail of six days toward his home and country, straight into the hearts of men rising up simultaneously to do him honor. Like the rhythm of another ocean were those electric waves carrying the tidings from east to west, and on to the capitals of Europe, until West became East again in the warm human response.

Then the service at the Church of the Pilgrims, with the clergyman and his good, pointed word; the beautiful singer in her thrilling contralto faithfully fulfilling his last wish; many important men of business gladly giving him so much of their precious midday time; and at last those beloved Newport cadets guarding him and his flag with dim eyes from the house of worship to the grave—to the "taps" which always so melted him in life but which he never dreamed would be his own in death.

Our friend Zona Gale voices it all as only one who is dear to you can voice such things:

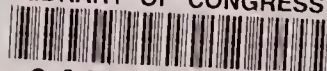
"You have so much to be grateful for. I am thinking of the editorial in *The Standard Union*, of the truth of what it said, and of the solace to you, to feel that everyone felt it and feels it; and of how much it must mean to you to have it all so phrased and set down by one close to him, who had worked

with him over a long period, and knew him through and through, as only workers together can know one another. The writer thought of so much to say that everyone knew was true, and yet is so rarely expressed. How much it is as he would have wished it: that absorption and intentness to the last, that joyous flight and fellowship, and then, no pain—nothing but the sea. There is something epic about that way of going; the three months in far places, the familiar letters coming back to the home friends, the keen summarizing—the great farewell sweep of that last journey; the ceasing, like that, in a moment, and the majestic return. It is the way Ulysses might have died. I was amazed at his age, as everyone must have been. How much more he gave to and took out of life than most do; how he made something picturesque and useful out of all his routines. Well, all this is some comfort, but not enough. Nothing is enough. But I feel certain that the mystery is so much richer than we even hope to have it. How *they* must wish that we were sensitized enough to know—more."

Another intuitive friend adds that now he never thinks of him as going, but always as coming, to welcome us alongside; to bid us sail with him into that "vast ahoy" which so allures and yet so confounds our limited intelligence—except for the faith divine.

HELEN BARTLETT BRIDGMAN.

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